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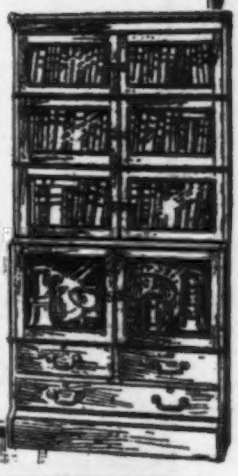

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

JANUARY, 1925.

Correspondence

An Appeal to the Trade Unions

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Allow me to congratulate you on the article, "A National Appeal to the Trade Unions," in December. I think that the majority of thinking men must agree with you that the settlement of the industrial problems of to-day is of such dominant importance that it overshadows every other political, social, and economic question. Unless we can recover, or indeed increase, our hold on the markets of the world, our position as a First Class Power must soon be jeopardised.

We are an exporting country; to live we must export manufactured articles, for only by doing so can we pay for the food that we are forced to import. And we can only continue to sell our goods in foreign markets if the selling price compares favourably with that of our commercial rivals.

A very large percentage of the cost of any manufactured article comes under the heading of wages. In this country the standard of living—the general level of wages—is higher than that of every other country, except the United States, and in the United States, as you point out, the *per capita* production is far higher than ours. It does seem inevitable, therefore, that, if we desire to retain our present standards of living—to say no more—we must increase production.

I trust that steps will be taken for arranging a conference of employers and Trade Union leaders with terms of reference broadly as laid down in your article. Such a conference would certainly illuminate the following points:—

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(*a*) That our really *basic* industries are "unsheltered," *i.e.*, have to compete with other countries in the world's markets.

(*b*) That upon the basic industries the others ultimately depend, and inflated wages in the sheltered industries have, directly or indirectly—by freights, rates, and taxes—to be paid for by the unsheltered, to their great detriment.

(*c*) That the more heavily capital is taxed, the more difficult becomes industrial expansion abroad.

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I am, etc.,

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ENGLISH REVIEW

India and Egypt—Govern or Go

THE brutal murder of that fine Englishman and true Sahib, Sir Lee Stack—a murder which was only the culmination of a series of similar atrocities—inevitably fixed public attention in a predominant degree upon the land to which England, within the last forty-three years, has rendered services unparalleled in history, save by the yet mightier benefits which we have conferred upon our Indian Empire. Yet in actual fact the difficulties created by our recent policy in Egypt are so similar to those in process of development in India, and the cause of them is so nearly the same, that the two cases might well be considered together as practically identical growths from a like stem.

From almost the dawn of historic time up to the year 1882 the unfitness of the native Egyptian to exercise self-rule had been demonstrated by the experiences of at least six thousand years. Whether in the days of the Pharaohs or of the shepherd kings, or of Assyrian conquest, or under the sway of Greek or Roman, Saracen or Turk, always the mass of the native population have remained in the humble condition of slaves. Not for them the sustaining impulse which has led the men of some nations to fight and die for national freedom. Never amongst them has arisen an Arminius or a Garibaldi, a Du Guesclin, or a Joan of Arc. The rolling centuries have seen them always placid recipients of alien rule, whose lot, for good or ill, has been determined, not by themselves, but by men of other and stronger races. To toil under a burning sun with the pitiless lash as the impelling motive of exertion was their fate even in the nineteenth century, when the mad prodigality of Ismail Pasha brought about his deposition by the European Powers, and the subsequent military mutiny led by Arabi induced the conquest of the

country by England. Then came the substitution of an incorruptible British administration for the cruelty, the corruption and the utter disregard of justice of the government previously prevailing. The immemorial wrongs of the Egyptian peasant were gradually righted. He ceased to be crushed by a taxation which left him nothing but the barest margin of subsistence. No longer did the whip impend continually over his naked skin. But to recapitulate all the story of British work in the valley of the Nile is unnecessary. We cannot dwell here on the care of irrigation, on the replacement of constant deficit by substantial surplus, or on the fearless and unbribable justice dispensed to the poor man equally with the rich. These things and others like them are history. Their record is not easily to be effaced. But let us linger for a single moment on this one point: that all the blessings, unknown for thousands of previous years, which our rule bestowed on the native population were the fruit of our own administrative acts. They were not the result of our mere presence in Egypt, nor of the fact that we safeguarded the valley of the Nile alike against invasion from the south and against interference from any other quarter. Had we in 1882 contented ourselves with the humble *rôle* to which we are now confined, Egypt would inevitably have remained in a condition of bankruptcy, of destitution, and—as regards the immense majority of its people—of profound and hopeless misery. We went to Egypt and we have stayed in Egypt to protect the interests of the British Empire, and that reason is by itself a more than sufficient justification for our entrance. But, as it were, incidentally, as the result of our habitual attitude towards subject peoples, and of the character of governing Englishmen, we have ameliorated the condition of a nation.

The strongest proofs of the value of our administration are the consequences following its temporary and partial cessation during the war. Then many of the younger Englishmen doing administrative work in Egypt could not be restrained from abandoning their posts in order to serve their country in arms. Necessarily their places were filled by Egyptian officials, who, acting according to their nature, almost universally intercepted

the great sums disbursed by the English Government to pay for the large requisitions of food and material of different kinds which the exigencies of our armies compelled us to exact from the Egyptian cultivators. The prices which we paid were prodigal, but the money often failed to reach the Egyptian cultivators to whom it was due. All these knew was that they were compulsorily stripped of their property without payment or subsequent compensation. Hence, naturally, widespread suffering, cruel hardship, and intense exasperation. Here is to be found one of the main sources of the Egyptian troubles, the riots and the murders, of 1919. For a generation past, under the beneficence of British rule, the Egyptian farmer had become gradually accustomed to treatment characterised by fairness and by lenity. Suddenly he saw himself robbed and, it might be, ruined by ruthless strength. No wonder that he was wrought to fury, and no wonder that his anger offered favourable ground for exploitation by the students, by the politicians, and the hangers-on of the Pashas dwelling in the towns. While the tillers of the soil are estimated to number from 85 to 90 per cent. of the total population of Egypt, the town dwellers are alone vocal and politically active. As the designers of the French Revolution in the eighteenth century engineered that catastrophe by first deliberately cutting off the food supplies of the populace and then inflaming minds maddened by starvation, so did these Egyptian patriots first rob the poor cultivator and then use his natural wrath and disgust as means to incite him against the English, who were the alleged perpetrators of the outrage of which he complained. And thus did the cunning agitators kill more than two birds with one stone. They enriched themselves; they fleeced at once the British taxpayer and the Egyptian peasant; and, chiefly and particularly, they made their own theft the instrument by which to stir up animosity against England. Strangest of all is the fact that a gross outrage inflicted, and capable of being inflicted, only through the partial cessation of British administration, should have been used to elicit a demand from the sufferers, not for the restoration, but for the total abrogation of that rule. "We have been cheated and plundered because some of our protectors, British

administrators, have gone away, therefore we demand that they all go away." This was what the current cry of the 1919 rebellion really amounted to.

We have dwelt a little on these points because they are illuminating in that they show the real nature of the Egyptian situation and the Egyptian politician. The sequel has been the unhappy and feeble Milner report, the surrender of our conduct of the internal affairs of Egypt to the corrupt and incompetent hands of native officials, the swift decline of the honour and prestige of the English name in the East, and the murder of many British officers. The culminating crime of the late Sirdar's assassination has brought momentary pause in the process of abandonment of duty, humiliation and decadence, but unhappily the policy which has already wrought such ills is not yet to be revoked. We shall preserve our hold of the Soudan, and of the Suez Canal; we shall apparently, at least in money, exact penalty for the murder of distinguished Englishmen; we shall maintain a garrison in Egypt to prevent the otherwise certain appearance on the scene of the troops of some other European State. But the one thing needful, namely, the resumption of the administration into British hands, will be left undone. Yet, failing this last step, it is clear that the whole future course of events in Egypt will be beset with ceaseless difficulties leading to disaster. Alike the utterances and the acts of the Egyptian Nationalists might be thought to have been inspired, since the enactment of the last tragedy, by the desire to demonstrate their own complete unfitness for self-government. They still demand our full and final expulsion not only from the valley of the Nile, but also from that vast area—a million square miles in extent—the Soudan, whence, but for our intervention, their own destroyers would long ago have emerged. In the great mass of Egyptian politicians, of students and agitators, is visible no trace of a sense of proportion, of perception of realities, or of willingness to make the slightest abatement of their absurd claims. They are as deaf to reason as a herd of monkeys. With such people the chance of establishing a practicable *modus vivendi* is *nil*, and all endeavour by our Government towards that end must be so much

waste of time. Moreover, even were such effort to succeed, the success would mean simply the fixing of the yoke of cruelty and extortion upon the necks of the wretched fellaheen. For, in the absence of a class of strong, honourable and capable men, self rule means in Egypt simply the pillage of the poor by the corrupt. This is all that "self-determinism" and "democracy" actually work out to in the land of the Pharaohs. That England should establish and maintain such a state of affairs would be an intolerable slur upon her fame. Yet that the considerations set forth here represent solid and fundamental facts can hardly be doubted by those really conversant with the position. The sooner, therefore, they are faced openly by British authorities the better for all concerned.

It is not, however, to Egypt alone that this reasoning applies. On the far vaster scale which India presents, a like policy, born of moral feebleness, of shallow thinking, and of political cant, and utterly destitute of any real justification, is swiftly producing similar fruit. What we are now witnessing in our Indian realm is the initial stage of a process of disintegration which, if allowed to develop, must end in withering the results of a hundred and fifty years of splendid and devoted labour by many of the finest and most unselfish servants of England who ever furthered humanity's cause. Although, both strategically and commercially, our withdrawal from Hindustan would communicate a terrific shock to the whole Empire, such as might well lead to its complete undoing, the full moral justification of our presence there is to be found only in the maintenance of British administration, which, as in Egypt, has meant the material salvation of the immense mass of the population. Yet the goal of the insensate "Government of India Act" of 1919 is the final extinction of that administrative rule which has been for half a dozen generations the sole shield of the poor against the return of the violent oppression and the cruel wrong to which they had been previously subjected. These anticipations of evil following the loosening of our rule are already justified by the results actually attained. Since the Act referred to has been put in force and the institutions which it provides have come into being, an enormous increase

in crimes of violence has taken place, rioting has become frequent, a tide of anarchy has been rising in the Punjab, and the dissolution of the *Pax Britannica* is visibly threatened.

Our present Conservative Government is of course in no way responsible for the dire effects of the measure for which the disastrous Coalition Ministry of Mr. Lloyd George was responsible, nor can Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet justly be blamed if, in view of all that has been written and spoken in support of the "reforms," as well as of the brevity of the time which they have had for consideration of a situation of infinite seriousness, they do not instantly ask Parliament to rescind an Act productive, so far, of nothing but evil. Yet, as that Act was definitely declared to be purely tentative, and as its failure up to this point is manifest, while the longer that it remains in operation the greater will be the misery and injury which it occasions, we hope—as all true friends of India must hope—that the statesmen who now happily control our affairs will have the courage before long to reverse a policy which can only end in the loss of India by the British Empire and its probable conquest by Japan.

A valuable and informing article on Imperial Federation by Mr. F. A. W. Gisborne appears in the Empire Supplement this month on page 129. *Mr. Gisborne speaks with knowledge, and his remarks are worthy of respectful attention. He sees in the Australian trade unions the chief enemies of Australia's progress, both economically and politically. Just as the similar bodies in Great Britain, through the checks which they impose on production, are the chief promoters of unemployment, so is it in the Commonwealth of Australia, while there, as here, they oppose every genuine step leading toward the greater solidarity of the Empire.*

Current Comments

Unionist Victory and the Empire

THE result of the General Election has in solid fact already ministered materially to the support of British interests alike in the world at large, throughout the Empire, and in home affairs. Abroad, amongst foreign nations, it has reassured our friends and given pause to our foes. In the Empire it has inspired the certainty that the pledges of Imperial Preference made at the last Imperial Conference will be fulfilled instead of being broken. At home it has taken what was nothing less than a cloud of fear and hesitation from the minds of men dealing with the realities of trade and industry, and has strengthened immeasurably the hope of improvement.

Conservative Policy

THE policy of the new Government, as declared in the King's Speech from the Throne, and in Mr. Baldwin's lucid oration in the Albert Hall, accords fully with such results and such hopes. To maintain British prestige wherever, as in Egypt, it has been challenged or impaired: to refuse, as in regard to the Soudan, to relinquish the sphere of duty at the bidding of noisy fanatics: to take immediate steps to relieve the distresses of the people of Britain by dealing directly with the problem of housing, while seeking to make the whole nation realise that to regain markets by increasing production is the sole genuine means of diminishing unemployment—these are some of the salient points of that policy, indicated or declared. Mr. Baldwin was right indeed in observing, in reference to housing, the pregnant contrast between Socialist and Conservative ideals, displayed in the fact that Conservatives "want the people to own their houses," while the Socialists wish them to remain the mere subsidised tenants of the State. He made again, we think, a remark of profound truth in saying that "Democracy, democratic government, calls for harder work, for higher education, for

further vision, than any form of government known in this world." Truly, as he added, it can rise to great heights, and it can also sink to great depths. In this connection, we rejoice to see that one of the first intentions of our present Ministry is to seek the advice and the co-operation of the Dominions in regard to the Geneva Protocol and thus to foreign affairs generally. For only by such co-operative action can it be proved that democratic government is compatible with the maintenance of Empire and of the solidarity of the British peoples.

The Lost Leaders

It was Mr. Churchill, we believe, who aptly compared the leaders of the Labour Party with rabbits paralysed by the eye of the Bolshevist serpent. Some subtle influence seems certainly to have bereft them of their senses, for not even the lesson of the election has served to teach them that they cannot hope to regain lost credit in the country until their subservience to the Bolshevik criminals is ended and forgotten. As a dog returns to his vomit, or a murderer to the scene of his crime, they persist in attempting futile justifications of their fatuous treaty and loan proposals. Half a dozen trade union leaders, headed by Mr. Purcell, have allowed themselves to be fêted and humbugged in Russia, and have simply made themselves ridiculous by announcing their conviction that the Zinoviev letter was a forgery after, presumably, the reptilian eye had reduced their intelligence to the required degree of imbecility. It would perhaps be hardly fair to take seriously their absurd statements made while the eloquence and various forms of hospitality of their hosts had doubtless to some extent gone to their heads. But it will be interesting to see how far their enthusiasm will survive contact with their already much disillusioned dupes at home.

Innocents Abroad

It is unfortunate that, while in an exceptional case like that of the Zinoviev letter most of the known facts must somehow have penetrated all classes in the country, the Labour Press carefully omits any reference to items of information about Russia which are unfavourable to the Soviet tyranny. Recently, for instance, two representatives of

the Second Internationale, a M. Fimmen (Holland) and Miss Susan Lawrence (England), were guests of the Soviets, and after the usual doses of dope they of course emitted the usual nonsense about the Russian workers' Paradise, duly broadcast through the usual Labour organs. How many of these journals, we wonder, published the protest of the workers of the great Putiloff works in Petrograd against the refusal of the English Socialist Press to state the other side?

> We Russian workers are living in circumstances of complete political oppression. We are deprived of freedom of speech, of liberty of the Press, and of the right to hold meetings. For even the most casual criticism of the activities of the Soviet Trade Unions we are thrown into prison. This oppression, combined with the prevailing unemployment, has reduced us to a condition of abject slavery. . . . While our Trade Union bureaucracy was entertaining (and bluffing) comrades Fimmen and Lawrence in what were once the palaces of Princes, the real Russian workers were stumbling along under the yoke of political oppression, the Russian peasant was dying of hunger and privation, and the Russian socialist was languishing in isolation camp or prison.
>
> We ask the Second Internationale to restrain its members from such action as that of Comrades Fimmen and Lawrence. We beg the workers of Europe to help both morally and materially our Socialist comrades who for years have been captive in the State prisons of the Soviet Government, and are dying in thousands from scurvy and typhus.

Bolshevism Waning

THE election proved, if proof were needed, that the mass of the people of this country will have nothing to do with Bolshevism once they know what it means. The Russians were an easy prey, as anyone who knew their character could foresee. In no other European country, least of all in England, is it likely that the disease could similarly prostrate a nation. If our Labour leaders were fit to lead, and, as they claim, to govern, they would have been the first to resist the spread of infection amongst their followers. Most of them have, on the contrary, either consciously or unconsciously, done their best to help it to get such a hold on the country as, had they succeeded, must have led to disaster.

That danger has been averted. It is obvious that, with a Conservative Government in power for several years, Bolshevist activities here must be largely limited to propaganda and the encouragement of industrial strife. We do not underrate the effects of these, but they cannot be so serious as the legislative action of a Socialist Government and the results of its conduct of foreign policy.

And we venture to predict that, before our present Government has reached the end of its term, Russia will have been delivered from her bondage and the monster of Bolshevism will have been destroyed as a factor in world politics.

The grounds for this belief may be stated briefly as follows :—

The Red Plague

Bolshevism is a disease, not a normal state. It is in the nature of all diseases that either they must conquer and destroy the body which they attack, in which case they perish with it, or else that they are resisted and finally thrown off. It is evident that the population of this country is too robust to be in any danger of succumbing to this particular pestilence, and there are unmistakable signs that even in Russia it has nearly run its course. The border States most immediately threatened by its invasion are taking active steps to unite against the common danger, and to supplement the *cordon sanitaire* organised by the League of Nations with military and political safeguards. Further west, also, it is evident that the weak policy of M. Herriot is producing the inevitable reaction in France, and that his belated efforts to make a stand against Communist plots are only the first sign that the French nation, following the lead of England, has made up its mind that Bolshevism outside Russia must be ruthlessly suppressed. The interests of France, both as regards security and finance, depend absolutely upon British support. France will not be foolish enough, at the dictation of a group of irresponsible politicians, many of whom won their seats at the last election with the aid of money from Moscow, to seek any closer relations with the Soviet Government than those considerd necessary by our own. It is, indeed, to be expected that the French will gladly co-operate with us in vigorous and effective measures to rid both our countries of the curse of active Bolshevist agitation and conspiracy.

A Russian Napoleon?

At the moment when notoriously the Soviet exchequer is almost exhausted, and a starved, disillusioned and resentful population can no longer be bluffed with fantastic promises of world revolution or foreign loans, news comes that the Grand

CURRENT COMMENTS

Duke Nicholas, a soldier venerated by the entire Russian Army and people, is organising a movement amongst all Russians hostile to the Soviet tyranny, with headquarters at Belgrade. That immense numbers of Russians in Russia, including a large proportion of the "Red" Army itself, will rally to such a movement as soon as it takes shape there is no doubt. Its development was unhappily delayed by the treachery of the spy Savinkoff, who lately had himself "arrested" and "executed" in Russia, although he is known to be in Soviet pay. His return to Russia in September was followed by the arrest and disappearance in all parts of Russia of persons whom he denounced as ready to support an anti-Soviet rising, and their betrayal has undoubtedly been a severe blow to the movement for freedom. Such setbacks, however, cannot prevent the ultimate triumph of the natural and national revolution to free Russia from the oppression of a greedy gang of alien criminals who have inflicted upon her misery and loss of life without parallel in the history of any great nation.

W. P. B.

It seems to have escaped general notice that the last insolent Note of Rakovski, the Soviet representative in London, reiterating the statement that the Zinoviev letter was a forgery and demanding an "impartial tribunal" to investigate the matter, has been treated with the contempt it deserved. The Foreign Office refused "to receive" a former letter to the same effect, and the last has simply been ignored. As the Bolshevists deride all civilised rules of conduct, they will doubtless represent these snubs as diplomatic triumphs.

Safeguarding Industries

In view of the resuscitation in some form of the Safeguarding of Industries Act, we have been at some trouble to investigate the conditions of the production of two very different articles—rubber tyres and potatoes—in respect of which a very strong case for safeguarding could have been made out a year ago. At that time out of every three rubber tyres used in this country only one was manufactured here, the rest being imported duty free. Depreciated foreign exchanges and lower wages on the

Continent were urged as insuperable handicaps for the British producer. It was stated, doubtless with perfect truth, that if, say, two-thirds, instead of only one-third, of the home consumption could be of British manufacture, prices could actually be reduced by 10 per cent., and over 20,000 extra workpeople employed. A not inconsiderable further advantage would have been the effect on exchange of a corresponding reduction of imports. We confess that it appeared to us a strong case, not for permanent protection, but, let us say, for a seasonal tempering of the bitter wind of foreign competition. We are the more glad to learn, therefore, that the tyre industry, so far, at least, as the larger producers are concerned, has so largely recovered itself unaided that any protective measures must now be regarded as out of the question. It certainly provides an object lesson in the necessity of mass production, super-efficient organisation, and skilful marketing. It is impossible, also, to avoid the reflection that this very satisfactory recovery might have been delayed rather than hastened by any artificial measures of assistance. Profits, doubtless, would have been as good, if not better. The less efficient manufacturer in particular (if such there be) would have been reprieved from the alternative of extinction or absorption, which, with unrestricted competition, is the inevitable fate of the inefficient. But would the economic state of the industry have been as sound? Would it have been in such a strong position to capture the export trade, while maintaining prices in the home market actually below those prevailing before the war, and, having regard to durability, relatively much lower still?

We believe that some good cases for safeguarding can be made out, and, perhaps, no stronger one could be found than our second example—potatoes. But the illustration of the tyre industry proves that each case must be investigated with caution amounting almost to scepticism.

Agriculture and Economics

When we come to agriculture, we refuse frankly to be bound by the abstract economics of the classroom, nor do we believe that they are always and necessarily a safe guide.

The cost of production of tyres or typewriters, and the relative advantage of home manufacture

and free imports may be purely a question of figures. But in a dangerously over-urbanised country importing two-thirds of its food there are vital considerations, other than those of simple accounting, which point to the necessity of arresting the decline of the agricultural industry. Although most of our town population is supremely indifferent to the fate of agriculture, no thoughtful person can believe that the gradual transformation of our arable land to grass, with a consequent reduction of the agricultural population by probably two-thirds of its normal numbers, is not a serious menace to the health, stability and character of the nation.

Potatoes and Protection

POTATOES, on the other hand, although one of our most important staple foods, are a crop which in many parts of the country involve a risk of such serious and frequent loss to the farmer that he may be excused for regarding them as a gamble with the odds against him.

The reason is simple, and likely to be permanent unless protective measures are taken. Whenever there is a good crop here there is usually a large surplus on the Continent, which can be dumped in the Thames and at other ports, and sold at prices which would not pay for the cost of digging and transport of our home-grown crops. Excluding the more expensive early potatoes from the Channel Islands, Portugal and the Canaries, most of these foreign potatoes are of decidedly inferior quality to our own, and, notwithstanding the extremely low prices which they realise on our wholesale markets, they are retailed at a price not much, if any, below that which would at least cover the cost of our home production with a reasonable margin of profit for distributors. The potato crop has two strong claims for special consideration. It is of great value in its effect on the land, and it requires more labour, much of which may be unskilled, than perhaps any other. The demand, moreover, is steady, and can be easily estimated. Here, then, is an industry which we believe might be safeguarded with national advantage and without resorting to protective duties, if the principle already adopted in the case of hops—limitation of licences for import—were extended, with modifications suggested by experience, to potatoes. If the total consumption of potatoes be computed at, say,

3,000,000 tons per annum (excluding the early varieties which cannot be grown in this country), licences for importing might be granted for not more than, say, at the most, 500,000 tons, thus ensuring to the home grower a market for five-sixths of the home consumption. Competition amongst the home producers, not to mention the (restricted) foreign imports, would sufficiently safeguard the consumer against anything above an economic price. Moreover, any such restriction would be subject to review from year to year, and could be either reduced or removed if found to bear too hardly on the consumer, or, of course, in the event of failure of the home crop. We confidently believe that the encouragement to the farmer to grow more potatoes, not to mention the improvement in the average quality on sale, would sufficiently protect the consumer. The direct and indirect advantages to agriculture and the community generally would be so undeniable, while the difficulty of devising any acceptable measures of practical assistance to farmers is so great, that we trust the Minister of Agriculture will sympathetically consider the suggestion.

Press, Profiteers and Proverbs

The Press has raised a hue and cry after the imaginary profiteers who are supposed to be responsible for the dear loaf. In so far as the dearness of the loaf can be traced to inefficiency in the processes of handling and distribution, this will doubtless be exposed by the inquiry now proceeding, and may be remedied. (In passing we would observe that many of the newspapers who have helped to create the "profiteer" myth have doubled their prices and advertisement rates since the war, not, let us add, without full justification. They should not, however, forget the proverb about pots and kettles.) But, in so far as the dear loaf is the result of the rising price of wheat, as in the main it undoubtedly is, we shall be inclined to welcome, rather than to deplore it, if, without resort to either bounties or Protection, it will ensure the permanent cultivation of a large wheat area in our own country. A prosperous farming industry, absorbing its full proportion of labour, consuming the products of our industrial centres, and contributing its fair quota to the national revenue in taxation and local rates, would be cheaply secured at the price

of a shilling loaf. The world price of wheat is beyond the influence of any Government or Royal Commission, and all the indications are that it is likely to be stabilised at a much higher level than prevailed before the war.

Nationalism and Lord Hugh Cecil

In an address given by Lord Hugh Cecil to the Religious Thought Society on "Will Christianity Work in International Relations?" he is reported to have alleged that "to-day we had an incongruity between nationalism and Christianity," and he then proceeded to indicate his perception of a like incongruity between nationalism and the League of Nations. Lord Hugh might, we think, just as well have said that there was an incongruity between an electron and an atom, or an atom and a molecule, or a molecule and a cell, or a cell and a plant. For whether in the social world of man, or in the physical world of nature, all growth is the result of accretion, and in the steps of such growth incongruity is impossible. Nationalism, in its proper sense of a man's love for his native land and for the nation of which he is a son, is absolutely one in kind with his love for his own mother. If he cares not for his kin, he is hardly likely to care for his country. At any rate, in actual historic fact, nationalism has grown out of family affection. A scientific League of Nations, based, not on windy and irrational sentiment, but on the recognition of facts, such as may perhaps at some distant day come into being, would not lose itself in a hopeless endeavour to obliterate nationality and thus dissolve previous stages of development, but it would, on the contrary, build on nationality and pursue its further path of ascent through the exploitation of common interests. Nor, again, can there ever be any real incongruity between Christianity, which is the religion of self sacrifice, and that nationalism which, as the late war demonstrated, supplies the strongest motive on earth making towards the same end.

Spain and Morocco

The progress of events in Spain and Morocco has so far closely borne out the views expressed in the interview with General Primo de Rivera which we published in July last. The President of the Directory has given further proof of his courage and tenacity of purpose in carrying out his

programme, now very nearly completed, of withdrawing the Spanish forces to the coastal territory, which it is believed can be held with infinitely less expenditure of life and money. It would be idle to pretend that his own prolonged absence in Morocco, where he is personally superintending this extremely difficult operation, does not increase the chances of some sort of cabal against his authority in Madrid. But all attempts of the enemies of the Directory—an odd mixture of banished corrupt politicians of the old *régime*, muddle-headed writers and Socialistic "intellectuals," like Ibanez and Unamuno, and a few Anarchists in the pay of Moscow—to inflame revolt against the existing order has completely failed. They have merely served the purpose of proving that the great mass of the Spanish people is utterly opposed to any form of agitation or revolution, and acutely conscious of the undoubted fact that life, property and justice are more secure in Spain to-day than ever before. If the Moroccan withdrawal can be completed without further serious untoward incident there are good grounds for the belief that next year's Budget will show substantial improvement. Then, perhaps, the way will be open for the resumption of constitutional government under the auspices of the *Union Patriotica*, founded by General de Rivera for this purpose.

No one familiar with the almost hopeless condition of Spanish politics before the Directory, and the colossal difficulties of its task of purification, reconstruction and administration can doubt that Primo de Rivera has proved himself both a great patriot and a statesman of exceptional courage and ability. Spaniards are not as excitable and demonstrative as other Southern races, but there is no reason to suppose that they do not gratefully recognise the invaluable services to their country of King Alfonso, General Primo de Rivera, and the Directory.

British Interests in Morocco

It has been our habit to regard the fortunes of Spain and her difficulties in Morocco with an air of detached interest, as if they did not greatly concern ourselves. This attitude of aloofness can no longer be maintained in view of France's demand for consideration of her rights and interests

resulting from the Spanish withdrawal. Failing a firm and definite statement of British policy, the French enquiries are likely soon to take the form of a claim to reversionary rights in Spanish Morocco. This is, perhaps, not the proper place to attempt a definition of British interests, or to suggest a policy, but those interests and that policy are very obvious. We may, however, express the hope that the Government will be guided solely by the advice of those who are qualified, and whose duty it is, to advise upon the strategical rather than the political aspects of the question. Above all, we would urge that Great Britain should pursue a definite policy in Madrid and Paris, without reference to Geneva, until at least it is a *fait accompli.*

Evacuation of Cologne

LORD CURZON has made it clear that the British sector of the Rhine will not be evacuated on January 10th. As might have been expected, this announcement has roused a storm of protest amongst the German Nationalists and their friends, the British pacifists. *The Nation* naturally takes it for granted that Germany has faithfully fulfilled all her Treaty obligations as to disarmament. According to our information, on the contrary, Germany has done nothing of the kind, and we believe that the report of the Inter-Allied Commission on disarmament will establish this beyond doubt. Mere assertions and counter-assertions are worse than useless, and it is hardly believable that any decision will be taken until the report has been issued. Meanwhile, we propose to publish in book form the series of articles on "Security," commencing with the notes of Marshal Foch on the Rhine forts, which have been published in this REVIEW since August last.

Owing to our having been obliged to go to press earlier than usual this month, we much regret that Mr. Charles Whibley was unable to contribute his monthly instalment of the "Letters of an Englishman." The "Letters" will be resumed in February.

America and Inter-Allied Debts

By Ernest Remnant

THE odd belief that she won the Great War is still unaccountably prevalent in America. It would seem, however, that America is determined not to rob her Allies of the honour of paying for it.

It has fallen to the lot of Mr. Winston Churchill, in his first speech as Chancellor of the Exchequer, to disclaim so wholly unmerited a privilege, and to inform the world that, as we have scrupulously refrained from claiming more than our fair share of credit in other respects, so we desire no more in this. Mr. Churchill succeeded in adroitly discharging a very delicate duty. His quite definite declaration augurs well for the negotiations which must soon follow the discussion precipitated by the French Ambassador's tentative conversations in Washington. The significance of M. Jusserand's approaches to Mr. Hughes, on the eve of his return to France, has probably been greatly exaggerated. There is not the least reason why he should not have taken preliminary soundings as to a possible basis of settlement with America, and the suggestion that either France or America contemplated a settlement behind our backs, which would have left us out in the cold, is, to say the least, premature. America has hitherto been unwilling to enter an inter-Allied round table conference for no other reason than that she fears to be confronted with a chorus of demands for concessions which she has no desire to grant. She is equally unwilling to face the odium which she would certainly incur if her representative appeared at such a conference of war-broken debtors in the character of Shylock demanding his pound of flesh.

The interests of England, however, require that the problem should be faced, as she alone has shouldered her burden of debt redemption to America on a basis which involves a payment until 1932 of £32,000,000 a year, to be increased thereafter for a further fifty-three years to £38,000,000. We may therefore be grateful to M. Jusserand for having raised the question so effectively

that it is unlikely to be dropped until a settlement has been arrived at.

During the war Great Britain made advances to her Dominions and Allies which at 31st March last stood as follows :—

	£	£
Dominions—		
Australia	89,271,000	
New Zealand	29,189,000	
South Africa	11,884,000	
Other Dominions and Colonies ...	1,146,000	
		131,490,000
Allies—		
Russia	722,546,000	
France	623,279,000	
Italy	553,300,000	
Serb-Croat-Slovene Kingdom ...	28,481,000	
Portugal, Roumania, Greece and other Allies	73,322,000	
		2,000,928,000
		2,132,418,000

This total has been increased by a further nine months' accrued interest unpaid.

Since the war, additional relief and reconstruction loans have been granted as follows :—

	£
Austria	10,794,000
Belgium	9,000,000
Poland	4,394,000
Roumania	2,196,000
Serb-Croat-Slovene Kingdom	2,252,000
Armenia	865,000
Other States	962,000
	30,463,000

We borrowed about £1,000,000,000 from America to pay for materials, at the then current rates, supplied to our Allies. This is the sum which we have undertaken to repay with interest to America during sixty-two years.

Obviously such mountainous figures are capable of an infinite variety of theoretical adjustment. Our loan to Russia must, for practical purposes, be regarded as a bad debt, and in any case left out of present calculations. Fortunately for our other debtors we are not inspired by that cold disregard for all considerations other than those of the counting house, which enables the

Americans complacently to contemplate a continent in pawn to them for generations. We recognise that our Allies—some of whom, notably France—suffered greater loss than ours in life and property, made common sacrifice with us to avert the disaster of common enslavement by a ruthless enemy. For nearly three years America looked on and chafed under the inconvenience of the British Navy, which prevented her from reaping the full reward of neutrality by making money out of all the belligerents. It does not yet appear to have penetrated the consciousness of America that, if Great Britain and her Allies had not fought and won the war, the Monroe doctrine would have become a German joke, and America, instead of drawing tribute from the nations that saved her, would most likely have been remitting heavily to Germany.

It is hardly worth while to discuss hypothetically either the various forms which a general settlement of inter-Allied debts might take, or the details of the method most likely to be adopted. Mr. Churchill has reaffirmed the principle of the Balfour Note of August, 1922, and made it clear that Great Britain's readiness to shoulder the major part of the financial burden of the war during its progress will be equalled by her generosity in foregoing the larger part of her claims upon her Allies for repayment. She has one creditor only, America, to whom she incurred a debt of roughly £1,000,000,000 *on behalf of her Allies*. This debt she will repay in full, and there has never been even any suggestion that it should be reduced. Great Britain demands only from her Allies that from their "pooled" resources, including reparations received from Germany, she shall receive payments equivalent to her obligation to America. This would mean, in effect, that Great Britain would remit claims against her Allies amounting to over £1,000,000,000, and carry on her own shoulders an internal debt of like amount, costing, in interest and sinking fund payable to holders of our War Loans, roughly £65,000,000 per annum.

Contrary to many of the opinions which have been expressed during the last few days, I believe that it would not be right or practicable to assert our claim to "most favoured nation" treatment in respect of American settlements with her other Allies. Nor is it likely that the British Government will take up this attitude. Provided that Great

Britain receives from all sources, including her share of Reparations from Germany, sufficient to cover her payments to America, she will welcome any concessions which, according to their needs, America may be willing to make to all or any of our Allies.

An illuminating statement of the comparative cost of the war to the principal belligerents has been compiled by the Bankers' Trust Company of New York:—

(In Dollars).	Gross Cost of War Per Capita.	Gross Cost of War, % National Wealth.	Average Annual Cost of War, % Nat. Income.
Allies:			
Great Britain ...	524.85	34.49	36.92
France	280.20	19.36	26.59
Italy	124.59	20.59	19.18
Russia	44.01	13.11	24.10
United States ...	176.91	8.67	15.50
Central Powers:			
Austria-Hungary	108.76	18.13	24.18
Germany ...	292.57	24.71	31.58

The natural consequence of these figures is reflected in the comparative taxes paid in:

England	£15 18s. per head.
France	£6 18s. ,, ,,
America	£5 10s. ,, ,,

In addition, of course, to the war expenditure of France during its progress she has since been compelled to expend about Frs. 75,000,000,000 upon the reconstruction of her devastated areas. This work, commenced in the belief that Germany would defray the cost, has now been largely completed out of France's own resources.

It is interesting to note that America is, quite rightly, demanding compensation from Germany for war damages suffered by American civilians to the amount of 300,000,000 gold marks. Our late Socialist Government insisted upon talking out a motion for an enquiry into the similar claims of British subjects, and it is to be hoped that when the subject is raised again by Mr. Esmond Harmsworth it will receive more sympathetic attention.

The honour of generous treatment of the war debts of the Allies could be shared only by two nations, England and America. Of these, America—with a war expenditure half that of England and £2,500,000 less than that of France, with a loss of life and

casualties not to be compared with those of France, England, Belgium, Italy, Russia, Serbia or Roumania, while her wealth is enormously greater than any of these, and her population is exceeded only by that of Russia—might well have claimed the privilege of making amends for her tardy realisation of her duty (and interests) by relieving her hard-pressed Allies of some of the financial burden incurred in the common cause. If, as it would appear, the problem of equating the loss of human life, and the hardships of over four years of war, with her own effective participation of little over one year, and the disbursement of dollars not so greatly in excess of the Pactolean stream which flowed into American coffers as a result of that war, is beyond the imagination of her politicians and the skill of her financiers, it is not for England to indicate the way further than by example.

England seeks no favours and no credit for the sacrifices she is prepared to make. It is for America to settle with her own conscience whether she will now follow the lead which the best of her citizens profoundly regret that she has failed to give. But England will with a clear conscience insist upon payment sufficient (and no more) to discharge the only portion of the total war debt of which America has already secured settlement, namely, that which England incurred on behalf of Allies to whom America refused to lend direct.

As I have ventured to criticise the American attitude toward war debts, let me say that it is my belief that if the better informed and more truly educated American opinion could settle this question, the good name of America would stand higher in future generations than at present appears probable. Similarly, if the destinies of America had been directed by this superior element, I am convinced that America would have entered the war before Christmas, 1914.

The vast majority of Americans are purely parochial in their outlook. They have no knowledge of, or sympathy with, European or world politics. They are in the grip of a huge political machine, which, although its operators may play upon the sentimental weaknesses so prevalent amongst the American people, is provincial and purely materialistic in character. Revenue surpluses,

dependent upon payment of war debts by impoverished debtors, are more easily transmuted into votes by the promise of electoral bribes than by appeals to considerations of abstract justice or Christian charity. Charity begins at home, especially in the Middle and Far West.

For the sake of our Allies we may hope that the broader conception of charity and national dignity which certainly inspires President Coolidge and many of the foremost American statesmen will prevail over the meaner and narrower spirit unfortunately dominating the average American politician.

As long as the discussion of the problem in America is confined to the Press and to second-class politicians who vie with one another in protesting their determination to secure pecuniary benefits for their supporters by insisting upon payment of all war debts to the last cent, this hope is not likely to be realised. When, however, the time comes, as before long it must, that America consents to a conference, the issue may be lifted above the parochial and rather sordid level of American domestic politics. A few weeks ago I had an opportunity of learning the view on this question of one of the highest officials at the Quai d'Orsay, who emphasised his strong opinion, both officially and personally, that by an inter-Allied conference alone could a solution be found. If she persists in her full claims against her continental Allies it will be impossible for America, who has played such a large part in the framing of the Dawes Report, and in the actual initiation of the scheme in Germany, to refuse indefinitely to participate in a conference. One of its principal objects, indeed, would be to decide upon the proportion of the security, which America has helped to create for herself in the shape of German Reparations, to be allocated to the satisfaction of her own claims against her Allies. For it is obvious that it must be mainly to payments from Germany under the Dawes plan that the debtors of America will depend for the means to discharge any substantial part of their debts. In dealing with the problem of German Reparations, America was ready enough to recognise the principle of "capacity to pay." But what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and she must be well aware that the capacity of her debtors is based largely upon the still problematical proceeds of the Dawes plan. While

Germany's capacity to pay substantially, after the re-establishment of more or less normal conditions, is beyond doubt, her will to do so remains to be proved, and must be gravely suspected. The clear interest of the Allies, and not least of America, is so to protect and consolidate their resources by mutual concession and support as to afford the strongest guarantee against an attempt by Germany to throw off her obligations by force of arms.

Great Britain has led the way, both by discharging her own debt, and by offering to sacrifice all claims on her Allies beyond those that represent her liability to America, incurred on their behalf. If, in the same spirit, America will call a conference, to meet preferably in London or Paris in 1925, to settle the problem of war debts, she will have powerfully contributed to the restoration of the prosperity and security of the world and, in particular, of those nations to whom she will still remain eternally indebted.

P.S.—Since the above was written, a report of a speech by Mr. Owen D. Young, who was a member of the Dawes Committee, to bankers and business men in New York has reached London. The following extracts are of interest as supporting the view that the better informed American opinion is disposed toward a broad-minded and generous policy in regard to war debts:—

> The Dawes Committee did not approach the problem of reparations in the spirit of imposing a penalty. It did not attempt to fix the blame for the war, or even to determine the total amount of Germany's obligation. It merely found the fact that the Allied nations had become heavily burdened with debt, and that their citizens were struggling under an unprecendented taxation to pay the cost of this great catastrophe. Germany was asked to assume and pay, or at least to show her willingness to assume and pay, her fair share. She was asked to submit to a burden of taxation for debt-paying purposes reasonably commensurate with the taxation which her neighbours had to impose upon their industries and their people in order to pay their war debts. . . .'
>
> Is it too much to hope that some day we may establish a definite foreign policy and maintain its continuity free from the horseplay of domestic politics even with changing Administrations? If so, the interests of this country and the peace and tranquillity of the world would be advanced and ensured. After all, is it true that because our people are of different racial ingredients, they will not patriotically support a wise, courageous, and non-partisan foreign policy? Perhaps we need to put our State Department in such a non-partisan position that all citizens, including members of the Senate, may speak and act in foreign affairs with individual independence, free from the thought or charge of being traitor to the political party of their affiliation.

Aerial Security

By Francis Gribble

THE history of the Treaty of Versailles, so far as it has gone, may be divided into two parts. First, we have the history of German protests against it as a brutal instrument of oppression, based upon the calumnious allegation that Germany was responsible for the war. Secondly, we have the history of German attempts to evade it. The protests, of course—protests which the German Government was with difficulty dissuaded from embodying, a few months since, in a formal Note to the Powers—figure, when required, as the moral justification of the evasions.

Territorial cessions obviously could not be avoided; but the provisions of the Treaty relating to these are practically the only provisions which have been fully executed.

The attempts to evade the payment of money due for "Reparations," by "passive resistance," the inflation of the currency, and the exportation of capital, are of public notoriety. They brought about the occupation of the Ruhr; and we have no guarantee, and little reason to expect, that the adoption of the Dawes plan will put an end to them. It certainly will not do so unless Germany is effectively disarmed; and attempts to evade the clauses of the Treaty relating to disarmament have been both frequent and flagrant.

Abundant evidence to that effect was lately published by Brigadier-General Morgan in *The Quarterly Review*. A mass of similar evidence has been set forth, from time to time, by Lieutenant-Colonel Reboul in *Le Temps*. Countless "incidents," at Spandau, at Ingoldstadt, and elsewhere—the riotous obstruction of officers of the Inter-Allied Military Commission of Control, the discovery of hidden military stores, and the hasty removal of documents which had been called for—have furnished concrete illustrations of the proceedings.

From these notorious facts two preliminary conclusions follow: the first that the Germans, clearly convicted of repeated violations of the Treaty of Versailles, have forfeited their right to shelter themselves behind it; the second that no proposals for meeting the new situation created by their recalcitrance can be dismissed as impracticable or immoral merely because they travel beyond the four walls of the Treaty.

What that situation is—what form that new German danger may be expected to assume, if the necessary precautions are not taken in time—is indicated by the publication of a new German manual, *The Chemical War*, by Dr. R. Hanslian and F. Bergendorff (Berlin: Mittler and Sons).

The work adds little, if anything, to our knowledge of the technical possibilities of chemical warfare, recently set forth, in all their ghastly horror, in a report issued by the League of Nations. The importance of its contents, of which a full account has been given by the Berlin correspondent of *The Times*, lies simply and solely in the proof furnished by them that the Germans are actively preparing to avail themselves of those possibilities, and do not shrink from any of the consequences of their "ruthless" application. Here is a passage in *The Times* correspondent's letter to which it is worth while to invite particular attention:—

> The authors of the handbook declare that since the end of the war no military question has been the field of so much research, and we may conclude that Germany, with her highly developed chemical industry, has not lagged behind in this respect. "It is understandable," they said, "that a thick veil of secrecy obscures these preparations, but whenever this is raised for a brief moment, we see with absolute clearness what we may expect in the way of a future chemical war." It is evidently to be *a combination of air and gas fighting*, supported by gas-carrying tank squadrons, and the civil population will come in for scant consideration.

And the correspondent goes on to quote passages from the manual setting forth that gas is "a vital weapon put into the hands of the nation most highly developed in science and technology," and one which will "confer world importance, or even world power, on the nation which shows supreme capacity in this field."

That strategical (or political) generalisation is more important than any of the technical details. It gives us a

clear view, not only of the German political objective, but also of the means by which German Nationalists and militarists believe it to be attainable; and it further shows us that German disarmament is, or is intended to be, even more illusory than Brigadier-General Morgan's exposure would suggest.

Not merely has Germany more arms and more men under arms than the Treaty of Versailles entitles her to. Not only has she contrived to retain her cadres, her "patriotic organisations," her corps of officers and her general staff: retentions which would still leave her weak, for a long time to come, in comparison with any of the Entente Powers. She has also, while reluctantly and partially disarming in one direction, been patiently and diligently arming in another.

That is the really grave fact of which we have to take account when we try to forecast the future; and it is hard to be satisfied with the interpretation of German aims which *The Times* special correspondent offers:—

> If (he writes) the question were put, "Is Germany preparing for a war with France?" the answer would be in the negative. But if it were asked, "Is Germany working to become again a great military Power?" the answer must be in the affirmative.

But that is a distinction without a difference; for the thing which concerns us is not Germany's immediate, but her ultimate, objective. It might at present be premature for her to lay her plans for a war of revenge. Those may be right who hold that some years must elapse before her leaders will feel that they have a reasonable prospect of waging such a war successfully. But, those admissions made, there remain three facts which it is essential to bear in mind:—

First, that the so-called "policy of execution" is only the policy of a Government which might at any time be displaced, and that even the members of that Government have never pretended that they would continue to submit to the Treaty of Versailles if they saw their way to repudiate it with impunity.

Secondly, that, whatever changes of administration take place, Herr Gessler remains at the War Office and General von Seeckt remains at the head of the General Staff, and that both of them are quite clearly pursuing,

to the best of their ability, a continuous policy of military reconstruction.

Thirdly, that the technical possibilities of combined chemical and aerial warfare are such that even a relatively weak Power could do hideous mischief by an *attaque brusquée*.

Bearing these facts in mind, we see that it is not enough for us to ask ourselves: "How would Germany be likely to behave if she once again became a great military Power?" We also need to consider:

1. What prospect is there that Germany will, within a relatively brief period, possess the technical means of making an *attaque brusquée* of the kind indicated?

2. How would the possession of these technical means be likely to influence German policy?

It is no complete answer to the former question to point out that Germany is under a Treaty obligation neither to own nor to manufacture military aircraft. Germany, as we have already noted, does not carry out undertakings of this kind except under the stress of compulsion; and there are various ways in which she might contrive—and seems already to be contriving—to get round this particular undertaking.

She is openly constructing a large and efficient commercial air fleet; and the distinction between commercial and military aircraft is far from easy to define. Any commercial aircraft can be put to some military purposes. Many commercial airships could quickly be adapted to other military purposes. There is nothing to hinder Germany from manufacturing military airplanes on neutral territory, whence they could be flown to Germany in a few hours. The all-metal airplanes lend themselves to mass production. The parts can be made anywhere, and dumped anywhere, and assembled anywhere in enormous numbers in a very short space of time. It has been computed that as many as 100,000 could be put together in a few months. Many aircraft engines are believed still to be hidden either in Germany or in accessible foreign places close to the German frontier.

The actual commercial air fleet, in short, is a potential military air fleet. The determination of the German militarists to transform it into an actual military air fleet

will be obvious to every reader of the manual quoted earlier in this article; for, in the absence of such a determination, such a manual would have no *raison d'être*. And it is equally obvious that the existence and continual expansion of the commercail air fleet provides Germany with the requisite *personnel* of air-men and mechanics.

What will follow? No one can say for certain; but the reasonable and probable consequences can be estimated and are serious.

The Germans may be expected to regard their air fleet pretty much as, at one time, they regarded their navy: to take, that is to say, the view that, though the command of the air is beyond their reach, and victory in another world war unlikely, enemies will think twice before attacking them because of the immense and appalling damage which they would be sure to do in the first stages of the struggle. And this confidence in their re-forged weapon of "frightfulness" cannot fail to influence their diplomacy and stiffen their backs.

It will make them every day less responsive to Notes remonstrating against their surreptitious military reorganisation. It will make them readier to plead inability to pay their dues under the Dawes Plan. It will dispose them to make their bid, when they see their chance, for the recovery of Silesia, or to try to snatch something for themselves out of any confusion which may occur in the Near East. The Allies, they will feel—especially if their relations with each other should at any time be imperfectly harmonious—will put up with a good deal rather than face the risk of having Brussels, or Paris, or London assailed by an unannounced shower of incendiary bombs and Lewisite. And then, if the bluff is called—or if, alternatively, some Government decides that a scheme of this kind had better be sent off at half-cock—no League of Nations will be able to prevent the war which we are all so anxious to avoid.

That is the danger. If Germany is, at one and the same time, compelled to pay tribute under the terms of a treaty which she denounces as iniquitous, and permitted to equip herself for chemical and aerial warfare, a fresh outbreak of war at no distant date is as certain as anything in this world can ever be. And as it is not proposed to

excuse her her debt for "reparations," it is of urgent importance to put it out of her power to resist payment by threatening to do mischief.

That end can be attained in one way, and in one way only; the essential facts bearing on the problem being these:—

1. That the chemical arm, unsupported by the aerial arm, would not, in present-day conditions, be formidable against countries possessing powerful air fleets.

2. That the aerial and chemical arms combined *are* formidable, even though they are insufficiently backed by infantry and artillery, and that a country prepared to launch a surprise attack with them is a standing menace to other countries against which it believes itself to have a grievance.

It follows that the only solution of the problem is to be found in the complete aerial disarmament of Germany: a formal intimation to the Germans that, as they have systematically violated their solemn promise to disarm, and have given clear proof of their intention to re-equip themselves for aerial and chemical warfare, they must surrender their air fleet and dispense with all aircraft, commercial as well as military, until such time as they have cleared off all their obligations under the Treaty of Versailles.

They are not at present in a position to resist such a demand; but it would, of course, be necessary to take precautions to prevent them from evading it by building an air fleet in Russia.

Theoretically that evasion could not be prevented, Russia being an independent Power. Practically it could be prevented without much difficulty by the further intimation that any attempt at evasion—and no attempt on any formidable scale could long remain undetected by secret service agents—would instantly be met by the taking over or dismantling of all the German chemical factories, so that they could not provide themselves with the aerial weapon without losing the chemical weapon.

The deprivation would in many ways be beneficial to the Germans themselves. It would at any rate remove a temptation certain in the long run to be more disastrous to them than to their enemies if they yielded to it. At

the same time it might be thought reasonable—and likely to promote good feeling—to compensate them for it by some abatement of their indebtedness, since their acceptance of it would make it possible for us all to effect economies in our naval and military expenditure.

That, however, is a side issue. The essential fact is that Germany, not being a " friendly " Power, not having shown any signs of conscientious acquiescence in the Treaty of Versailles, and being better provided than any other Power with the means of chemical warfare, cannot safely be trusted with a commercial air fleet which might become a military air fleet at short notice.

Whence the conclusion follows that the aerial disarmament of Germany is the *sine quâ non* of the aerial security of the rest of Europe.

Socialism and Unemployment

By Harold Cox

LED by Mr. John Wheatley, M.P., the Socialists are now preaching that low wages are the cause of unemployment. The argument can be summarised roughly as follows:—Unemployment is due to over-production combined with under-consumption; over-production is stimulated by the excessive accumulation of capital seeking employment; under-consumption is due to low wages, which prevent the working man from buying the goods produced. So far as the question of over-production of capital is concerned, there are certain elements of real truth in this large proposition. Undoubtedly, as Ruskin pointed out a good many years ago, the over-production of capital is possible. To quote his words from memory: "It is useless to produce plough upon plough and never a furrow." That, of course, is true, and in the necessary uncertainties of world industry and world commerce it undoubtedly sometimes happens that more capital is invested in a particular form of industrial production than is at the moment required, with the result that competing industries are partly reduced to idleness because there is an insufficient market for all the goods they are capable of producing. Admitting this fact, it is still necessary for Mr. Wheatley and his friends to explain what ground they have for assuming that the economic need for fresh capital investments would be better measured by a political organisation than by commercial men, who know that if they make a wrong judgment they themselves will have to suffer. The point is, at any rate, a purely theoretical one. At the present moment the annual investment of capital is probably less, not greater, than the world's real requirements. It is also amusing, in connection with Mr. Wheatley's theory, to note that nearly all the patent contrivances for relieving unemployment by State action resolve themselves into fresh capital expenditure—the

making of new roads, the draining of marshes, the electrification of railways, and so on.

The question of the alleged over-production of capital does not, however, cover the whole of Mr. Wheatley's argument. The essence of that argument in his own words is: "Get a market by raising the standard of living at home; get a market by giving the people double the quantity of goods they are producing to-day." So far as this implies that the transference of income from the rich to the poor would mean an increased demand for goods it is obviously false. The expenditure of £5 by a rich man creates just as much employment as the expenditure of a shilling apiece by a hundred poor men. Nor is it possible for Mr. Wheatley or for anybody else to explain how the mere transference of wealth from the rich to the poor can increase employment in particular industries now suffering from unemployment. How, for example, would a redistribution of income throughout the U.K. benefit Glasgow firms engaged in making locomotives for export? The demand for these locomotives comes from foreign railway companies, largely financed with English capital. If the accumulation of capital were checked there would tend to be less demand for locomotives.

Mr. Wheatley in one of his articles quotes the case of a tender for three locomotives, asked for by an African railway company. The Glasgow tender was £8,500 and the Continental tender was £4,640. He is very irritated because some capitalistic employer had pointed out that the only way to bring down the Glasgow tender to the Continental figure was to lower Glasgow wages, and he argues that if this were done the purchasing power of the Glasgow workman would be reduced. But, as a matter of fact, in the example given, the Glasgow engineer's purchasing power is non-existent, because the firm he works for does not get the contract; it is the Dutchman who gets it. Presumably, what Mr. Wheatley meant to say was that if the Dutch wages were raised to the Glasgow level, then either a Dutch workman or a Scottish workman would become a better purchaser for world goods. But they clearly would not both become purchasers. Moreover, there is at least the possibility that if the Dutch tender had been as high as the Glasgow tender the African rail-

way company might have postponed giving an order at all, and that is in reality the consideration with which English and Scotch manufacturers are normally faced.

An important illustration is furnished by the Lancashire cotton industry. In this industry restriction of employment is due not to over-production, but to under-production—under-production of raw cotton. This involves a heavy increase in price of Lancashire's raw material with a corresponding rise in the price of the manufactured goods. As a necessary consequence, Lancashire's customers in Asia and elsewhere, who are many of them very poor, cannot afford to buy. Unless Lancashire can produce at prices sufficiently low to tempt the Indian peasant there is no sale for a large part of Lancashire's production. Mr. Wheatley contends that all unemployment is due to the insufficient purchasing capacity of the poorer classes. If his argument is of any value whatever, it means in this case that the Indian peasant's earnings, as measured in money, must be raised so as to increase his purchasing power of Lancashire goods. How is it to be done? That is a problem which none of our British Socialists have yet dared to face. They always take illustrations from their own country. They point to big incomes made in England or Scotland, and assume that if these incomes were distributed among the masses of the people the increased purchasing power would make everybody happy. As a matter of fact, even this limited assumption becomes ridiculous as soon as the figures are examined. Sir Josiah Stamp recently worked out a calculation and arrived at the conclusion that if all the incomes in Great Britain above £250 a year were reduced to that level, and if the available balance were then pooled among the rest of the population, there might be a net addition of about 5s. per week to the incomes of the poor.

But if the same principle of levelling down is to be applied to the whole world—as it must be if the Wheatley scheme for dealing with unemployment is to have any meaning whatever—we arrive at grotesque results. There are over three hundred million people in India, most of them horribly poor, according to our English standards of life. There are over five hundred million in China, some of them even poorer than the Indian peasant. In Russia

there are a hundred million, mostly very poor, and there are many millions of extremely poor people in Southern Europe and in Western Asia. If the purchasing power of our foreign customers is to be increased by distributing the world's wealth equally among all the units of population throughout the world, the result would be that all incomes throughout Great Britain, including wages, would be cut down to the Asiatic level in order that the average Indian or Chinaman might get, perhaps, an extra farthing a day. Mr. Wheatley had better take a little trouble to work out the figures and then put his proposal as a concrete proposition before the next meeting of his political supporters in Glasgow.

There is a further difficulty which Mr. Wheatley has not apparently begun to consider. It is the variability in human demands. He writes and speaks as if any kind of consumption would stimulate any kind of production; as if, for example, an increased demand by Glasgow workers for cinemas or for whisky would itself create an increased demand for locomotive engines. The world is not so framed. Human beings want particular things for particular purposes, and they want only certain amounts of particular things. At any given moment the world's demand for locomotives is somewhat limited and cannot be suddenly increased merely by increasing the working man's power to purchase other things. The same consideration applies to calico goods or silk goods, or whatever the commodity may be. The producer has got not merely to manufacture the goods in the best way possible, but he has also got to think out beforehand what is likely to be the demand for particular classes or qualities of goods. Consequently a mere redistribution of incomes would have no necessary effect whatsoever upon the problem of unemployment. It would still be necessary for somebody to decide in each particular case what volume of each particular commodity was to be produced.

At present that decision is left with the capitalist, who takes the risk of losing his money if he makes a wrong decision. It is true that his workpeople are involved in the consequences of his judgment; but that would equally be true under any form of State Socialism. Somebody would have to make the decision, and it is not easy to discover

any ground for believing that a permanent official, or a tub-thumping politician, would be better qualified to decide this difficult question than the ordinary profit-seeking capitalist. In practice what would happen would be that the State would very quickly give up the attempt to adapt production to demand. Instead it would insist that demand must be regulated by State control. This statement is not based merely on theory; it is supported by practical experience. During the war the moment the State began to regulate prices it also found it necessary to regulate qualities. Even in the case of such a commodity as tea, the quality was standardised as a necessary consequence of the limitation of prices. Equally necessary would be the standardisation of clothing, if the State were made the universal producer. The only possible way of preventing over-production of particular qualities or designs of cloth, whether woollen or cotton, would be the production of one standard brand for use throughout the world.

The truth is that Mr. Wheatley, like all other Socialists, has failed to work out the consequences of his own theories. In particular he has failed to see that his scheme for creating employment involves not only the regulation of industries by the State in each particular country, but a world regulation of industries throughout all countries. Unless that can be done his whole argument fails. Yet there is no evidence whatever that even Glasgow Socialists are yet prepared to go to the length of submitting their fortunes to the control of a world-wide Soviet —which on democratic principles would be dominated by the Chinese vote.

This is the final absurdity to which the Wheatley theory leads. In reality it is vain to imagine that any complete cure for the problem of unemployment can be devised. The majority of Indian peasants are not subject to what Mr. Wheatley would call the curse of capitalism. They have their own little holdings, which they cultivate with their own primitive wooden ploughs; but if the monsoon, which ought to bring the rain, fails to blow in due season the Indian peasant is unable to sow his field and can only wait with ever-growing anxiety for the famine which will afflict the country a few months later. His only

chance of escaping starvation lies in capitalism, which by building up reserves of wealth renders possible the purchase of food from other parts of the continent, and its conveyance over capitalistically constructed railways to the distressed districts. The magnitude of the danger in any particular district largely depends on the size of the local population. If the population is small in comparison with the area of cultivable land the peasantry themselves in good years can lay by a store of grain to meet the risks of a famine year. But when the population is pressing hard against the available food resources one bad harvest may mean widespread famine.

Our own problem of unemployment is not essentially different, though the causes are less obvious. When the working population is small in comparison with the normal demand for labour in any particular locality a diminution in industrial activity will only mean a slight inconvenience, perhaps a reduction of a few hours in the working week. On the other hand, where population is increased much beyond what may be called the high watermark of industrial demand, a falling off in trade activity may involve wholesale unemployment. The blame for unemployment does not therefore lie with capitalism; it lies with the reckless wage-earner who increases his family without regard to future risks. It is true that capitalists in the earlier years of the nineteenth century did deliberately stimulate the working classes to produce large families in order to supply cheap child labour to work the new machines. But that phase has passed. Child labour is happily no longer permitted, and the capitalist has, moreover, already begun to realise that Great Britain is no longer the workshop of the world. It is now the business of the wage-earner to appreciate the same fact and regulate the size of his family accordingly. That is the root of the matter. Our population has outgrown the normal demand on the part of the world for the products of British industry. If we could reduce our population, say, to the figures of 1901, the chances are that instead of the wage-earner constantly living in dread of unemployment, the employer would be frequently grumbling about the shortage of labour.

Magical Poetry

By Percy Thomas

THE wayfarer in the climes of imaginative literature endures but little toil in his search for poetry that is beautiful or even magnificent. Hardly has he set out in the wonderful morning than he meets such splendid things as :—

> Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
> And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

But should his heart be set on poetry that is magical, he would find himself journeying disconsolate for many a long summer's day. For magic is like the silveriest shaft of a sunbeam, or like a rare and secret star among the concourse of night: difficult to find in the light; often lost in that light as soon as found. And the wayfarer himself must bring to the search the fit, delectable mood: the lone dreamful mood of the twilight, or the mood of the thrush at dawn.

Once, on a summer's morning, when you were young, you arose and stood at the open window, breathing the enchanted air, gazing at the green of the ineffable morning fields. And your heart was filled with longing; longing for some indefinable joyous thing. Magic had you in thrall then. It was surely at such a moment that the following poem of Francis Ledwidge was born :—

> He will not come and still I wait,
> He whistles at another gate
> Where angels listen. Ah, I know
> He will not come, yet, if I go,
> How shall I know he did not pass
> Barefooted in the shining grass?
>
> The moon leans on one silver horn
> Above the silhouettes of morn,
> And from their nest-sills finches whistle
> Or drooping, pluck the downy thistle.
> How is the morn so gay and fair
> Without his whistling in the air?
> The world is calling, I must go.
> How shall I know he did not pass
> Barefooted in the shining grass?

It is called "A Little Boy in the Morning." Simply that. And it is the loveliest kind of magic.

Mr. Saintsbury, in his *History of English Prosody*, quotes the following charming poem:—

All the good days
Look you are done;
Quenched are the rays
That poured from the sun;
The moon looks down
On no girl's kiss;
In country and town
Vanished is bliss.

This poem has never failed to give me a magical moment. What I see, as I read it, is a little mediæval town with quaint gables and narrow, crooked streets. It is night, and a round white moon is in the sky. It shines in the deserted byways and floods with sumptuous light the quiet fields about the little town. In the market-place a solitary youth stands, with legs apart, gazing pensively at the moon. He is habited in a tight jerkin and there is a feather in his hat which he wears at a rakish angle. And I feel with him, wistfully, that all the good days are done and that bliss has vanished away. But we are not entirely desolate. There is still at home in our bosoms the memory of the old joyous days. By and bye I mark that the youth is smiling sadly, but that his smile is not altogether sad. He steals away. There is not a soul abroad now. The little town sleeps, and the fields sleep, and, from above, the large white moon encompasses the scene with peace.

The poet, who is a magician, will not dissuade his spirit from wandering over the moorland to the hills; but it is at home that he finds the tenderest, the loveliest enchantment. Think of him, in the summer twilight, opening the wicket and wandering down into his scented garden. The evening is very still. The birds are sleeping. Hardly a leaf rustles. If you wait, maybe till the first star begins to shine, you will hear his voice from among the dew-enraptured flowers:—

A garden is a lovesome thing,
God wot.
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot,

The very school
Of peace;
And yet the fool
Contends that God is not.
Not God, in gardens, when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign,
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

It was in a garden that Crashaw saw the dew "nuzzled in the lily's neck." It was in a garden that W. H. Davies heard the rain so magically :—

I hear leaves drinking rain,
I hear rich leaves on top,
Giving the poor beneath
Drop after drop.
'Tis a sweet noise to hear
These green leaves drinking near.

And when the sun comes out
After this rain shall stop,
A wondrous light will fill
Each dark round drop.
I hope the sun shines bright,
'Twill be a lovely sight.

Ledwidge's poem on the little boy in the morning, and Davies's poem on the rain, are instances of the poetic spirit singing near home. When that spirit soars away from home it creates a different kind of magic; a magic that is sometimes supremely ethereal. It was at such a time that Shelley wrote :—

My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside the helm, conducting it,
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.

It was at such a time that Keats gave us :—

Magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.

There is a magic of word or phrase as well as the magic of the complete poem. How wonderfully the poets compass it! Consider the ordinary word "sessions," and then read the opening lines of Shakespeare's sonnet :—

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past.

Think of Wotton's use of the phrase "common people" in

> You meaner beauties of the night,
> That poorly satisfy our eyes
> More by your number than your light—
> You common people of the skies,
> Where are you when the moon shall rise?

There is a word which to me is perhaps the most magical of all. It is the word "cumberless"; a beautiful word in itself, but made divine by Hogg in his poem to the skylark:—

> Bird of the wilderness
> Blithesome and cumberless . . . .

Blithesome and cumberless, too, must have been the spirit of Hogg, and the spirit of all those singers through the centuries who, like the skylark, minister to the need in our hearts for magic.

The Ethics of War

By Captain E. Altham, C.B., R.N.

WAR, the text-books tell us, is the ultimate resort of policy whereby a nation, when every peaceful means of settling a national dispute has failed, seeks to impose its will on its enemies in defence of its honour, its interests or its existence. It follows, therefore, that the aim of a nation which has taken up arms is to bring such pressure to bear upon the enemy people as to induce them to force their Government to sue for peace. Prior to 1914 it was assumed that the ethics of war would govern the methods employed to apply this pressure.

As war became tempered by civilisation, and as scientific methods of attack and defence developed, so primitive forms of unrestricted slaughter, indulged in by tribe against tribe, were succeeded by the pitched battle of warriors and armies. War became a recognised science, all civilised nations subscribed to its usages, amongst which was the outstanding one that the civil population, the non-combatants, should not be involved in the immediate conflict. In return it was understood that advantage should not be taken to abuse the immunity of non-combatants by persons not in uniform taking arms against the enemy. In point of fact, the conduct of war has never been as simple as this. The civil population may not be directly attacked by shot and shell, but the mere existence of a state of war at once implies economic stress in some form or other. Economic pressure has come to play a more and more important part in the measures whereby a nation "seeks to impose its will" on another.

Until the late war, the degree of exerting this form of pressure was limited by international agreements, such as those contained in the Declaration of Paris, while the British Government of the day stupidly invoked the unratified Declaration of London with some vague idea of further protecting civilian, or at least commercial, interests.

It was not long, however, before one clause after another of these academical documents was torn up. Acts of violence or of bad faith on the part of the enemy were followed by reprisals, until the whole structure of the written agreements for limiting the application of economic pressure fell to bits. "In modern war there are no non-contraband articles" was the pervading principle in the end. There can be very little doubt that the degree to which economic pressure will be exerted in future wars will be limited solely by the necessity for considering the interests of powerful neutrals and for not violating the canons of the civilised world in regard to the methods adopted to achieve it.

This leads us to consider the effect of new weapons on the conduct of future warfare.

Germany's urgent need for exerting economic pressure on Britain in the late war led her to depart from orthodox methods of attacking shipping, and to embark on "unrestricted submarine warfare." The resulting inhuman treatment of non-combatants, such as passengers and crews of merchant ships, called forth the condemnation of a world shocked by this violation of the ethics of war which had hitherto prevailed amongst civilised nations.

After the war, the principal Powers met and reaffirmed their articles of faith in the matter of what are justifiable methods for dealing with enemy merchant shipping on the high seas. These and other matters connected with new forms of war were embodied in a supplement to the "Treaty for the Limitation of Naval Armament" entered into at Washington, entitled a "Treaty to Protect Neutrals and Non-combatants at Sea in time of War, and to prevent use in War of Noxious Gases and Chemicals." This was a well-meaning attempt to re-establish binding agreement in the ethics of war, but, as will be seen, it did not go far enough. Moreover, treaties of this kind are liable to be relegated to the insignificance of a "scrap of paper," and a nation would be foolish indeed to trust its whole future security to the written bond. On the other hand, if there is a strong measure of humanitarian, not to say sentimental, support behind an international compact of such a nature, it does provide a strong deterrent to any Power who would otherwise conduct war with the gloves

off. A nation which violates a code having the strong moral support of civilised humanity has to face the danger of being an outlaw and of losing the sympathy and possibly the very valuable benevolence of powerful neutrals.

The psychological effect throughout the world of Germany's unrestricted submarine warfare is a striking example of what a delinquent must pay for transgressions against the international ethics of war. The Washington Treaty, however, did not deal with all the problems arising out of the use of aircraft and their increasing influence on the conduct of war. So we find "Air Strategy" being discussed in terms which do not appear to harmonise with the *spirit* of the Washington pact, while the *letter* of an international agreement in this matter has only reached the embryo stage of a recently published Report of the Commission of Jurists which sat at The Hague up to February, 1923.

This Report formulates new "Rules of Warfare" designed to regulate the use of aircraft during hostilities in a manner which will minimise the danger to and suffering of the civilian populations. For instance, one of the proposed Articles prohibits "aerial bombardment for the purpose of terrorising the civilian population . . . destroying . . . private property . . . or of injuring non-combatants."

This is followed by an Article specifying what are legitimate objects for aerial bombardment. The latter include military forces, works, establishments or depots, munition factories, and lines of communication or transportation used for military purposes. A further qualifying clause states:—

"In cases where the objectives specified . . . are so situated that they cannot be bombarded without the indiscriminate bombardment of the civilian population the aircraft must abstain from bombardment."

Here is the crux of the whole business of applying the ethics of land and sea warfare to war from the air.

In the two older forms of war the civil element could generally be segregated from the actual turmoil of the conflict. Advancing armies, it is true, are liable to overrun and trample roughshod through non-combatants, but even so a clear distinction is possible between "occupied

territories" and "devastated areas." A well-disciplined army under leaders who conform strictly to the usages of war will cause a minimum of loss and suffering to a defenceless population. As the tide of battle laps inhabited areas, they can be abandoned before the wave of destruction breaks over them.

At sea the passenger-carrying ship is clearly distinguishable from the warship, and, generally speaking, belligerent navies can have little excuse for not conforming to international conventions in their treatment of the former.

In the case of war from the air the position of affairs is far more complicated. Especially will this be the case with regard to air attacks on our own country. It will be obvious that close adherence to the Rules proposed by the Commission of Jurists would severely restrict the use which a Continental enemy could make of his air forces against "military objectives" in these islands. Barracks, arsenals, munition factories, railway centres, in fact the essential foci of our whole military output, are in great part surrounded by densely inhabited areas.

The question which arises at once, therefore, is whether it is reasonable to assume that an enemy will regard such objectives as inviolate. Will he fear to contravene the letter of the law by accidental injury to the civil population? To carry the position further, an unscrupulous nation could deliberately surround its most vital military centres with civilian dwellings and claim that the area was immune from air attack.

What seems far more probable is that such military centres *will* be attacked from the air and there will be "regrettable incidents," due to the difficulty of distinguishing permissible targets. This will lead to less careful observance of international conventions on the part of the chief sufferer, and, in a flash, the belligerents will have embarked on unrestricted aerial warfare.

The fine legal distinctions which the Jurists have sought to establish in this matter do not seem practicable. Either there must be international agreement that the use of bombs is to be confined solely to the attack of armies actively engaged on land and of enemy war vessels at

sea outside a specified distance from the coast, or it must be accepted that the civil population is bound to suffer in war from the air and will not be adequately safeguarded by any legal formulæ.

There can be little question that this country would be placed in a position of disadvantage by entering into agreements tending to impose impracticable restrictions on the use of weapons.

We are wont to adhere to a lofty standard in humanitarian matters and to hold to the letter of our agreements until the enemy forces us to depart from them and to take justifiable reprisals. It was not until Germany started to use gas that we took to it in self-defence. It was the violation of the laws of sea warfare by that country which caused us at length to take a succession of steps to tighten economic pressure by the use of our sea power. Had we observed the niceties of our declarations less strictly, we could have strangled the life-flow of essentials to the Central Powers at a much earlier stage.

London was bombarded repeatedly throughout the war; but apart from the physical difficulties, it took nearly four years before the nation was worked up to the pitch of demanding reprisals on Berlin. By the time we were ready to launch an air attack on the enemy's capital the war was over.

The steps taken at Washington to restrict submarine warfare were, in principle, only a reaffirmation of the laws of sea-warfare which existed before 1914. In the succeeding four years a desperate and unscrupulous enemy had started by evading the letter and ended by ignoring the whole spirit of those laws. It availed us nothing to hold up our hands in pious horror at the outrage, and now this new declaration of faith may or may not prevent a repetition of this form of warfare. Equally, therefore, it behoves us not to trust implicitly to international conventions in the matter of aerial bombardments.

A further use to which aircraft may be put in war does not seem to have been considered by either the representatives at the Washington Conference or by the Jurists at The Hague. This is the attack of merchant shipping from the air. The Jurists propose that "military establishments or depôts" and "lines of communication or transportation

used for military purposes" be recognised targets for aerial bombardment.

It is logical, therefore, that shipping carrying military supplies and reinforcements should be included in this category. Clearly aircraft cannot stop and examine ships to ascertain the nature of the cargo carried, any more than they can waylay trains and search sheds to see whether their contents are of a military character. A trainload of provisions for troops cannot be distinguished from one for the civil population, nor is it possible from the air to differentiate between a ship with a cargo of agricultural implements and one filled with guns. Moreover, under modern conditions it is most difficult to say where essentially military supplies end and purely civilian requirements begin. The whole nation, not merely its armed forces, may have to be enlisted for the prosecution of a great war, even as it had to be from 1914 to 1918. Any commodity which tends to prolong the nation's powers of resistance in a struggle is a definite military asset.

How, then, can we expect an enemy who is not predominant at sea, but who possesses powerful air forces, to watch supplies streaming past his shores into this country while refraining from sinking ships at sight by bombs or torpedoes launched by his aircraft? To believe in such an ethical standard in war is to live in a fool's paradise in peace.

The fact is that warfare as formerly waged by navies and armies was capable of certain well-defined principles, and considerable discrimination was possible in the selection of legitimate objectives. Even so, international agreements did not always prove binding. Other considerations were wont to arise and to be deemed so urgent as to necessitate a departure from conventional forms of warfare. Now we are faced with the new problem of making practical rules for air warfare. This involves many difficulties on account of having to deal with wider and less well-defined areas of hostilities and the impossibility of segregating targets of military importance from purely civilian habitations, whether ashore or afloat. These new conditions seem likely to produce a loosening of the conventions of war generally. For example, if

ships are sunk at sight by torpedo aircraft, it will be illogical to prohibit similar action by submarines.

Be this as it may, war is essentially a resort to force, a bursting of conventional, diplomatic, and legal bonds. Potential force lies behind all law and order. Amongst peaceful peoples the force of moral influence may suffice, but the elements of disorder are wont to be restrained only by physical force. When these elements break loose and whole nations subscribe to physical violence there is always the danger that methods which seem vitally necessary to secure victory will be resorted to. The submarine campaign against shipping, the use of poison gas on land, and the bombing of towns from the air, in the late war, should remind us of the limited influence of international laws and agreements once hostilities are in full swing.

It behoves us, therefore, to study continually every form of destruction which war may call forth, and to take the requisite counter measures for national safety, keeping ever in mind the nebulous character of the ethics of war.

Constantinople: A Retrospect

By Lieut.-Col. C. B. Thackeray, D.S.O.

CONSTANTINOPLE, the City of Contrasts, of gloom and glamour, sunshine and storm, is an endless theme.

Just as her history is a chequer of dazzling whites and pitchy blacks, rather than of lights and shades, so, amidst all her splendour, you find squalor indescribable; if pestilence and famine do not stalk through the city, her streets are devastated by fire and earthquake. In summer there is torrid heat; in winter, when Arctic blizzards grip the land, thousands die in its icy grasp. Delicious springs and perfect autumns make amends.

The mosques and minarets, the glories of Stamboul, the cheap tawdriness of Europeanised Pera and Galata, the motley throng from every corner of Europe and the East that streams across the bridge over the Golden Horn —all these have been told and re-told. The "Gateway of the East" is no mere hackneyed phrase. It is a reality that confronts you at every turn. The waters of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles rush fierce and ruthless, severing Europe from Asia, like twin clefts of a scimitar. In places the channel is little wider than the Thames at London Bridge. The ships pass to and fro, or lie at anchor, straining at their cables: the flags of a score of nations flutter from a thousand masts. On either side the peaceful hills, studded with palaces and villages, slope to the water's edge; and, from the decks of battleship and liner, yacht and *caïque*, people from all the ends of the earth peep through the open windows of peasant and Pasha, even into Dolmabagchi, the Sultan's glaring marble palace.

Nothing is ever surprising in Constantinople. A *coup d'état* is accepted as unconcernedly as a change in the weather. The City lives in an atmosphere of *coup d'état*. Why should revolutions disturb her nonchalance? They are her normal topic, her daily diet. And whether there is bloodshed or not, life goes on as usual. The same crowds throng the bridge across the Golden Horn, and swarm on

the ferry steamers that link Europe with Asia, Pera and Stamboul with Haidar Pasha and Scutari. There may be changes; but they do not count. The Young Turks, the Germans, the Allies, the Russians, the Kemalists, in turn obtrude their presence. They come and go: they are all a bore. Says the Osmanli, with a shrug and a grimace, "*Il faut cultiver son jardin*," and he turns up his hands and the whites of his eyes with a characteristic Turkish gesture that carries a world of meaning.

* * *

The nearly five years of Allied occupation were merely a passing phase, a page in the chapter of jumbled memories, which the Osmanli will store in the recesses of his mind, and ruminate upon, as he digs his plot of garden. And now that the day of the Allies has drawn to a close, who knows when Fate, which plays strange tricks in Turkey, will give some sudden new turn to her wheel? To the restless European, whose fortune has led him to sojourn in the City of Contrasts, basking in its sunlight or dipping into its dark places, it has been a pleasant day. To him, at least, the vision of the contrast will present itself very vividly, when he thinks of the Incongruous City once more in the grasp of Ottoman hands.

No longer will the barracks be filled with Allied troops, the streets a moving patchwork of their uniforms, the clanging trams and overcrowded funicular a veritable Babel of tongues. What strange, unwonted sights have been seen at Taxim Square, when, gay with bunting, the tall surrounding roofs were thick with sightseers, eager to watch some French or British display? No more shall the dusty Champ de Mars witness the stirring charge of Chasseurs d'Afrique, standing in their stirrups, shouting, their scarlet cloaks flying in the wind, past stands filled with officers and ladies of every nation, from Washington to Tokio, from Belgium to Brazil.

Of the many curious scenes in this Ottoman setting there is one picture that always stands out, quite irrelevantly, in my mind's eye—the touching spectacle of a very tall and very unbending British field officer, receiving a decoration on his breast and a brotherly salutation on his cheek (afterwards likened to the imprint of a ripe

plum) at the hands and lips of an Allied General of great distinction, but of a somewhat short and *bombé* figure, who stood on tip-toe with his little hands stretching up affectionately to reach him. Among the spectators a tall Turk, fingering his string of amber beads, looked on and smiled sardonically.

* * *

In the middle of March, 1920, Constantinople was tolerating the Allied Occupation with her usual *sang-froid*. One morning she woke to find the guns of the battleships turned on her principal public buildings and palaces: field batteries commanded the city, guns were in action, point blank, opposite the War Office, and infantry in possession everywhere, blocking the roads. This was the "Military Occupation" of Constantinople, of which a good deal was heard at the time. The *coup* was planned and carried out with the utmost secrecy and surprise; there was very little opposition, and hardly any bloodshed. The bazaars, the ferries, the bridge, were thronged with the same cosmopolitan crowds, as unconcerned as ever. It was just another *coup d'état*: why bother about it?

On the Asiatic side, on the highest point overlooking Scutari, British batteries and infantry were in position at dawn, after a night march. You looked down, far below you, upon the Allied fleets at anchor, motionless, the only sign of anything unusual being the ominous angles at which their guns were trained. Away across the Sea of Marmora slumbered Stamboul itself. The city shimmered beside the waters of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, with its palaces and domes and minarets. From the bitter cold of dawn, through a grilling day, one looked down upon it all—and nothing happened. The guns remained as silent as the city. In the evening the troops returned to their quarters. Constantinople had accepted the change, as imperturbably as ever. The day seemed to me to be typical of the city of the Sultans—silent and somnolent, with Europe menacing her very existence. The atmosphere is charged with thunder, the air she breathes heavy and pregnant with catastrophe; but, like some great, beautiful serpent, she dozes through it all, blinking with half-shut eyes, and does not stir.

But in Constantinople tragedy is always mixed with

comedy. It was not wanting on this occasion. Among other incidents I recall one in particular. It was the duty of certain staff officers to go to the houses of the suspected ringleaders and arrest them in the dead of night. Accordingly, with a suitable escort, a smart young officer repaired to the house of an important Turkish official, and over-awing the servants, made his way, revolver in hand, to the room of the unsuspecting Turk. All was still, except for a stertorous snore. Suddenly turning on the light, he presented his pistol at the head of the bed, on the pillow of which a swarthy head was discernible: when, to his amazement and consternation, there was a shrill squawk, an upheaval and commotion, and out sprang from beside her lord and master a little figure in elegant *robe-de-nuit*, who rushed to the toilet table, and proceeded hurriedly to powder her nose.

* * *

Life in Constantinople under Allied Occupation was full of variety. The nations hustled one another in their pursuit of pleasure, or the sterner excitements of business and war. The streets were full of many uniforms, from the sober blues and greys and khakis of the Allied fleets and armies, to the splendid bravado of Circassians, Georgians, and polyglot Russians, or the gorgeousness of Italian *carabinieri* in cocked hats and epaulettes. The naval, military and diplomatic services, the dozen inter-Allied missions and Commissions that sat upon poor Turkey, residents whose families have settled there for generations, journalists, travellers, mixed in a society that could meet together in no other capital—at clubs, in salons, in messes, on battleships—yachting, hunting, playing polo, dancing together. There was an atmosphere of the unexpected, of intrigue, of big events simmering. And Turkey, helpless and incompetent Turkey, was the *corpus vile*, waiting apathetically for the inquisitions and the dissections. There is a grim moral in the fact that the most imposing public building in the city is the international office of the Ottoman Public Debt; whilst the gateway from which the Sublime Porte took its name is an ancient and neglected arch in a by-street in Stamboul.

* * *

Imagine one of the most charming of the suburbs

dotted along the European coast of the Bosphorus, some five or six miles from Constantinople. It is here that many of the Embassies and public offices remove themselves, and the rich take up their quarters, to escape the hottest weeks of the summer, and enjoy the perennial breeze that blows along the Bosphorus. Close by is a smart little hotel. It looks across the Bosphorus, and battleships sometimes lie anchored just off the shore. I can remember the advertisement of the restaurant in question, with its list of attractions, something to this effect:—

TURKISH NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT

Moonlight on the Bosphorus.
Balconies overhanging the Waters.
Fireflies.
Soft Zephyrs.
Russian Beauties.
Love and Romance.
Elegance and Luxury.
Music and Dance.

They are all there—more or less. In Constantinople you live in the world of *opéra bouffe*, in a sort of Turco-Balkan setting. You feel as if you were taking part in a play—a musical comedy—extremely well staged. You sit on the balcony, gazing on the starry Bosphorus. The night would be stifling but for a gentle breeze. The fireflies dance. So do the Russian ladies, to jazz strains, within. It would not surprise you if a Mr. Frederick Ranalow or a Mr. Hayden Coffin—in the guise of the Captain of that man-of-war, whose glittering lights are reflected in the inky waters just out there—were to step ashore to the strains of a nautical air, and, with all the natural *abandon* of a naval captain and a popular tenor, burst into song—only to be interrupted by the dazzling soprano, who falls into his arms, and joins in a ravishing duet; whilst a chorus of bluejackets, Turkish bandits, ladies of the harem, and Circassian houris fills the stage—I mean the promenade—below you. It would not surprise you in the least. In fact, nothing surprises you, except the waiter with your bill, in thousands of piastres.

Consequently it does not surprise you at all when, next day, you hear it whispered (for fear of the Censor) that a "battle" took place that very night, close to that very spot, and that that same battleship shelled the village opposite, a few hundred yards distant, on the Asiatic shore. The affair was perhaps something like this. Neighbouring

villages are held by an Indian and a Greek battalion. In the middle of the night there is a wild hubbub, shots and shouts and clamour. A Kemalist band is attacking the Greeks! They open fire. The Indians do likewise, to help their Allies; and Greeks and Indians and inhabitants, none knowing what is happening, blaze into one another. Signals flash about; the battleship joins in the dog-fight. When all dies down without much harm done, it is found that the root of the trouble is the local baker, against whom some neighbours have a grudge on account of a rise in prices. To gain their private ends they rush his shop —just an evening's jollification, to the usual accompaniment of pistol and rifle shots—and, in the end, no one is much the worse.

* * *

For a few weeks in the early summer the Sweet Waters of Asia are the resort of thousands, rich and poor, with their families. The stream runs into the head of the Golden Horn, and is thick with pleasure boats from Constantinople. The ramshackle, make-shift character of the open-air summer-houses and booths is a little pathetic, typical of Turkey, but there is no question about the festivity of the occasion. It is pleasant to see the carriages and motors overflowing with laughing pleasure-seekers, and gay with branches and flowers. A Turk or Greek loves to adorn himself with bright flowers, to stick them behind his ear, or in his hat. They know how to enjoy themselves, the Turk soberly, the Greek vivaciously, the Armenian and the Jew complacently, none of them sheepishly like many Britons. The women—but it needs the practised eye and the finished pen of a Kinglake to describe them. Among the better classes, when they wear the various national costumes, frocks and capes and veils, each of a rich silk of one colour, or when the semi-transparent *yashmak* covers all but the eyes of the Turkish ladies, they only partially conceal features that are often very delicate and refined, and an expression half-shy, half-bold, wholly and frankly curious. I sometimes think that generations of seclusion in harems, shut off from the cares of civilised life, have caused them to retain a certain youthfulness and softness, a curiously unsophisticated and unspoilt femininity, which may be neither innocent nor

enviable, but which bears the *cachet* of those children of nature, whether in jungles or deserts or towns, who are nearest to their mother Eve. The doe, surprised in the depths of a virgin forest, looks at you with just such a fearless, round-eyed curiosity, before she bounds away.

The *bourgeoisie* and the *demi-monde*, cosmopolitan and native, dress as they would anywhere else, only more so—to be strictly accurate, less so. And such calves and ankles!—but I believe the Levantine likes large proportions. They are to be seen flaunting in all their cheap and brazen finery at that amazing pocket Babylon, the *Petits Champs*, in Pera, where a motley crowd from all the corners of the earth perambulates around the open-air *café chantant*, under the spreading trees whose interlacing branches bear a hectic fruit in the shape of a thousand twinkling lights. There is a glare and clatter and blaze from the encircling supper tables, where other revellers look down upon the scene. A Roumanian orchestra strikes up a wild barbaric Hungarian air, and the conductor, a Mephistopheles, prances and grimaces satanically among the players, and works himself and his violin into a perfect frenzy. A superb Russian dancer is on the stage, not much heeded. He is followed by a pair of Cockney chorus girls, a most popular turn, whose crude antics seem to captivate this strange audience, though they make an Englishman feel a little sad. One French music-hall star delights you; another fills you with loathing. A Turkish colonel sitting near you looks on with tired eyes under drooping lids, and calls for the forbidden *douzico* (the absinthe or vodka of the Levant). It is one side of the City of Contrasts.

* * *

Looking across the Golden Horn from the glittering tinsel haunts of Pera, the domes and minarets of Stamboul rise splendidly against the sunset. The vaulted grandeur and spaciousness of S. Sofia are there, and her many sister churches, now mosques or ruins. Battlemented walls and gateways tell of a thousand years of strife and shifting fortunes, before they fell to the all-conquering Turk. Deserted by recent Sultans for the glaring ostentation of Dolmabagchi, the old Seraglio palace, overhanging the swift and silent Bosphorus, hints of bygone secrets

and dark crimes. There, too, are the covered bazaars, a maze of arched and colonnaded lanes, dim and sepulchral in the bluish twilight that filters through the cupolas; where priceless carpets, rich silks and embroideries, brass samovars and massive braziers, chased and inlaid weapons, and many other rare and curious objects, are heaped, stall after stall, in this Aladdin's cave, next to the cheapest and most trumpery wares of Lancashire and Birmingham.

* * *

Formerly, no account of Constantinople was complete without mention of its dogs—myriads of them, fierce, half starving. At length, some years ago, the authorities decided to take action to get rid of the nuisance. As with obnoxious infidel dogs, their method was drastic. The Moslem pundits said that the Koran, in the case of *four*-footed dogs, forbade the unnecessary taking of life. So they herded them together in batches of thousands, put them on lighters, and shipped them off to a barren rock of an island in the Sea of Marmora, a few miles away. Since they couldn't kill them, they left them without food or water to kill and eat one another. I am not sure whether the superfluous pariahs of the city are still sent there to join their friends, or whether it is only the strongest of the original colony that survive; but the howling of the dogs could still be heard miles out at sea. One can imagine saturnine Turks sitting round and wagging their beards over the grim *plaisanterie*; regretting, perhaps, that they cannot adopt this easy and convenient way of getting rid of undesirable aliens, instead of the clumsy methods of deportation or massacre.

* * *

I have already alluded to the unattractive features of Pera and Galata. They resemble a sordid and dirty quarter of a third-rate continental city. In the poorer streets sanitation is tolerated, but not much encouraged. It is as well to walk down the middle of the road, or you are in danger of receiving the contents of a slop-pail from an upper window on your head. The Ottoman Government does not particularly concern itself with the needs of mainly Christian municipalities. I remember a plaintive appeal from the excellent chairman of the munici-

pality, a Turk, who published his accounts in the newspapers, showing that on the morrow there would be the equivalent of ¾*d.* in the treasury. Some of the best houses are in slummy, cobbled streets, and you are astonished to find yourself ushered into an English hall, or a court with marble colonnades and a fountain. The shops are a curious jumble. It is as though, in Paris or London, the streets on the two sides of the Seine or the Thames had been shaken together and the houses put back anyhow. Side by side with, and sandwiched between, establishments that would not disgrace Regent Street, you may find a poky, tumble-down shop selling cheap, ready-made clothing, or unsavoury food.

You walk across to the other side of the Golden Horn, into Stamboul, and you are in the East—at its best; clean streets, broad spaces, mosques, bazaars doing a roaring trade. The fez, now officially discarded, was then almost universal among city dwellers, and gave a warm red tone to the crowd.

* * *

But what strikes you most are the great tracts of ruined streets, acres and acres, miles of them. Earthquakes lay them low. Fires sweep over huge areas, and the burnt-out streets are left, untouched, with the charred *débris* of masonry and timber. The houses are mostly of wood and plaster, on account, I was told, of earthquakes. So fires devastate the wooden streets, and earthquakes bring the brick ones tumbling down. It is a choice of evils. No one rebuilds them—they start new streets elsewhere. I believe it is a Turkish superstition that it brings bad luck to rebuild upon the site of a conflagration or of an earthquake. A distinguished Turkish gentleman, being asked why this was so, replied sadly, with that so expressive Turkish shrug, as though there were no remedy, "*J'aime un beau désordre.*" It seemed to me that in this reply lay the essence of the Ottoman blight which withers all it touches—a helpless and a hopeless fatalism, content to leave bad alone. *Un beau désordre*—no: *un triste désordre*, and it might have been said of the ruins of the House of Othman, and of the great Empire that he founded.

The Shakespeare Problem

A Reply to Mr. C. M. Haines

By Sir George Greenwood

It was but yesterday that we were reading with sorrow, in our newspapers, obituary notices, all most deservedly eulogistic, of the late Hugh Chisholm, a man who bore a highly distinguished name in the world of literature, both as a journalist and, amongst other services rendered, as the Editor of the eleventh edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

But it is as a Shakespearean scholar and critic that I would now refer to him, for as such he gave proof of a breadth of mind, an absence of dogmatism, and a general recognition of all reasonable doubt, which is, unhappily, rare among "orthodox" authorities in this quite unnecessarily embittered field of controversy. I have now before me a letter which he was so kind as to address to me some twelve years ago, and from which I take leave to quote the following words: "I have always differed from my 'orthodox' friends in thinking that 'anti-Shaksperian' criticism rested on remarkable 'Shakespearian' difficulties"; and he is good enough to add: "Your own books are certainly the best statement of these." *

As one who has been made a target for many slings and arrows of outrageous criticism—not to mention "the proud man's contumely"—I hope I may be forgiven for quoting, as a preface to this paper, these "comfortable words" from a critic the value of whose opinion few, I think, will be found to disparage.

Now, in The English Review of August last there appeared an article headed "The 'Shakespeare' Myth," by Lord Sydenham of Combe and Mr. H. Crouch Batchelor, the object of which was to advocate anew the "Baconian" theory of the authorship of the "Shakespearian" plays.

* He further says: "I have always been rather disgusted at 'orthodox dogmatism.'"

To this a reply was published in the following October number of the REVIEW, headed "The Bacon Legend," by C. M. Haines; and it is upon this latter article that I desire to offer a few words of criticism, premising, however, that I am not writing as a "Baconian," for I have never enlisted under the "Baconian" banner, although I subscribe to the opinion of that distinguished French scholar, Professor Abel Lefranc: "Que l'auteur du théâtre Shakespearien ait été en rapport avec Francis Bacon, c'est ce que nous avons toujours été porté à admettre pour bien des raisons."* Indeed, when I read in the *Essay on Gardens*, "In April follow the double violet, the wall-flower; the stock gilliflower; the cowslip; *flower de luces*, and *lillies of all natures*"; and find in the *Winter's Tale* almost the same words, "*lillies of all kinds, the flower-de-luce being one*," with a similar catalogue of flowers, and couple this with the distinctly Baconian teaching of Polixenes that "nature is made better by no mean but nature makes that mean," so that "the art itself is nature," it really seems difficult to avoid the conclusion that Bacon had a hand in this play. For does not James Spedding himself write: "The scene in *Winter's Tale* where Perdita presents the guests with flowers . . . has some expressions which, if the *Essay* had been printed somewhat earlier, would have made me suspect that Shakespeare had been reading it"?†

Moreover, it seems tolerably clear from their Satires that both Hall and Marston at least *believed* that *Venus and Adonis* was written by one whom they refer to as "Labeo," and who is, apparently, to be identified with "*Mediocria Firma*," words which can only stand for Francis Bacon. And, further, it is not, surely, unreasonable to surmise that Francis Bacon was the author of the *Gesta Grayorum* (written in 1594), and was himself the "sorcerer or conjuror" who "foisted a company of base and common fellows, to make up disorders with a play

* *Sous le Masque de "William Shakespeare,"* by Abel Lefranc, Professeur au Collège de France, Tome I., p. 130.

† *Bacon's Works*, edited by James Spedding, vi., 486. The *Essay* was not published till nine years after William Shakspere's death. But nobody, I think, will imagine that Bacon took what he wrote about flowers and gardening, or about art and Nature, for the matter of that, from Shakespeare! Spedding certainly did not.

of Errors and Confusions," wherefore that night was thenceforth known as "The Night of Errors": wherefore also it is shrewdly suspected by some, who recognise the irony which pervades the curious work in question, that Francis Bacon had a hand, and was, perhaps, himself author or part author of *The Comedy of Errors*. Nay, Mr. Haines himself writes: "That these two men [*i.e.*, Bacon and Shakspere], who were both probably assisting in the management of this affair, were acquainted is not at all unlikely!" If that was the case, and if Shakspere of Stratford was really not only the player but the dramatist, and if Bacon was thus personally acquainted with him, is it not doubly extraordinary that Bacon, who in his younger days was so closely connected with the stage and theatrical performances, should never even mention the name of "Shakespeare"?

However, this, no doubt, is mostly guesswork, and as I hold no brief for the "Baconians," I will say no more concerning Francis Bacon except by way of comment upon one remark made by Mr. Haines with reference to him. "Bacon," says Mr. Haines, "was a man of wide, but also (one supposes) accurate learning." I take exception to that last supposition. Bacon was, doubtless, a man of wide learning, but, curiously enough, he was, as a writer, remarkable for his inaccuracy. Byron, in his *Diary*, tells us how he detected, "in seven or eight apophthegms of Bacon, such blunders as a schoolboy might detect rather than commit," and he adds: "Such are the sages!" He says, quite truly, that "Bacon, in his historical authorities, is often inaccurate."* But the *locus classicus* is Bacon's misquotation of Tacitus. The Roman historian had written: "quamquam . . . Nerva Cæsar res olim dissociabiles miscuerit, principatum et libertatem." Bacon quotes this as "Postquam divus Nerva res olim insociabiles miscuisset, imperium et libertatem"!†

But when Mr. Haines quotes "the sea-coast of Bohemia and the island of 'Delphos'" as "well-known

* See Lord Byron's *Poetical Works*, in one volume (John Murray, 1866), at p. 665, n. 2, and pp. 808-9. Byron describes Bacon as "the greatest genius that England, or perhaps any other country, ever produced," which agrees with Lord Macaulay's estimate.

† Tacitus *Agricola* III. Bacon, *Advancement of Learning*, Bk. I. Disraeli took his "Imperium et Libertas" from Bacon's misquotation.

examples" of Shakespeare's inaccuracy (of which, of course, a man of Bacon's learning could not possibly have been guilty!) I must take grave exception, for the simple fact is (as has been abundantly shown before) that neither of these is any proof whatever of "Shakespeare's" inaccuracy or want of learning. True, Shakespeare in the *Winter's Tale* speaks of "the sea-coast of Bohemia," but that play is based upon Robert Greene's *Dorastus and Fawnia*, in which the author himself makes mention of this same "coast of Bohemia," and, as Payne Collier truly says, "Robert Greene was a man who possessed all the advantages of education; he was a graduate of both Universities; he was skilled in ancient learning and in modern languages."

We are told that Bohemia in old times, under a certain King called Ottocar, extended to the sea; but I set that aside as altogether *ex abundanti*, for it would clearly be absurd to say that the mention of this "sea-coast" was a proof of Greene's ignorance. And "Shakespeare," whoever he was, did but follow Greene in this matter.

The allegation that the mention of "Delphos" is any proof of "Shakespeare's" ignorance or inaccuracy is still more absurd. It is, in truth, a proof of ignorance on the part of those who make it. For not only was the word "Delphos" also made use of by Greene in his *Dorastus and Fawnia*, but the fact is that "Delphos"—and not "Delphi"—was the form employed by writers generally in this country (scholars or not) up to and including the reign of Queen Anne. So much so was this the case that Boyle, in his controversy with Bentley, actually accuses the latter of pedantry because he speaks of "Delphi," rather than "Delphos"! But the form "Delphos" is to be found in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, in Puttenham, in Lyly, in Sir Roger L'Estrange, in Milton, whose scholarship nobody will, I suppose, dispute, and, as a crowning example, it is used by the learned Addison himself in the *Spectator* (see No. 31).

I have exposed these inexcusable blunders on the part of some of our "Shakespearian" commentators again and again, but *expellas furcâ tamen usque recurrent*. So great is their desire to prove that "Shakespeare" was an

unlearned man, because Shakspere of Stratford must, doubtless, have been so!

I pass over the passage in *Coriolanus*, "where Brutus is made to refer to several men born centuries after his death," because it appears to me to be on a par with the well-known passage in *Troilus and Cressida* where Hector is made to speak of Aristotle. This, too, has been cited by certain commentators as proof of Shakespeare's ignorance! But can any sane man really believe that the author of *Hamlet*—let us say—lay in such depths of ignorance as to suppose that Aristotle lived before the Homeric Age? My own belief is that the author of both these passages was careless of accuracy in such matters, and wrote in the same spirit as that in which the author of *Lear* wrote when he made the Fool say, "This prophecy Merlin shall make—*for I live before his time*"!*

Then, says Mr. Haines, "exactly the same argument applies to Shakespeare's alleged legal learning," and he makes reference to Mr. Charles Allen and Mr. J. M. Robertson, as having shown that "the author's (*i.e.*, Shakespeare's) knowledge of law was extremely inaccurate."

Now in my little book *Shakespeare's Law* I have examined Mr. Charles Allen's chapter on "Bad Law in Shakespeare," which Sir Sidney Lee, in the later editions of his *Life of Shakespeare*, has told us is "especially noteworthy," and have shown, I venture to say beyond controversy, that every case cited by Mr. Allen, as an example of Shakespeare's "bad law," is, in truth and in fact, an example of bad law on the part not of Shakespeare, but of his critic! What are we to think, for instance, of a critic who cites the injunction of the King of Navarre to his friends, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, "to keep those statutes that are recorded in this schedule here," as an example of Shakespeare's "bad law," because, forsooth, "a statute imports a legislative act," having apparently never heard of the "statutes" of a school, or college, or almshouse, or of a cathedral chapter—not to mention "statutes merchant" and "statutes staple"!†

* If I were a Baconian I should say that the inaccuracy in *Coriolanus* is, judging from other examples in Bacon's writings, just the sort of inaccuracy of which Bacon might have been guilty.

† Dr. Felix Schelling, Professor of History and English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania, and recognised as a high Shakespearian

With regard to Mr. J. M. Robertson's *The Baconian Heresy*, I am reluctant to give offence, but I must once more submit, as I have submitted before, that the author, strong and able controversialist though he be, is not qualified to instruct us on Shakespeare's or any other man's "law," for the simple reason that he has never had any legal training, and, therefore, as is natural in the case of a layman, has fallen into errors of which a lawyer would never have been guilty.

But the exigencies of space forbid me to pursue this subject any further. I can but respectfully refer Mr. Haines, and others who may be interested in the matter, to my book already mentioned, in which a very learned and experienced judge has failed to find any error or false conclusion.*

I have now to animadvert on yet another serious error in Mr. Haines's article. He cites Jonson as saying "of Shakespeare, *as a writer* [my italics], that 'he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stop'd: *Sufflaminandus erat.*'" Now, if he had taken the trouble to refer to any good Latin dictionary he would have found that the meaning of *sufflaminare* (primarily "to put the drag on") is "to stay, check, repress *in speaking*." And if he had turned to the passage in Seneca, to which Jonson makes reference, he would have found that it was not in *writing* that Aterius had to be stopped, but in *speaking*. "Tanta illi erat velocitas *orationis* ut vitium fieret. Itaque D. Augustus optime dixit, Aterius noster sufflaminandus est." Ménage, who, being a scholar, of course knew the meaning of the word, writes: "Pour moi, quand j'entends un grand *parleur*, je dis ce que Ciceron disoit d'un certain Aterius qu'on ne

authority, in the course of a review of my *Shakespeare's Law*, writes with regard to Mr. Allen's supposed instances of "bad law in Shakespeare": "It would be absurd to take up the demolition of objections of this captious kind did we not keep before us, as does Sir George, very pertinently, that the foremost contemporary biographer of Shakespeare *has been actually misled by such stuff* into the statement, 'No judicious reader of the *Merchant of Venice* or *Measure for Measure* can fail to detect a radical unsoundness of Shakespeare's interpretation alike of elementary legal principles and of legal procedure.'" (*Univ. of Pennsylvania Law Review*, January, 1922.)

* See my *Shakespeare's Law* (Cecil Palmer, 1920), p. 32, and *Shakespeare's Law and Latin* (Watts and Co., 1916), p. 11, *et seq.*

pouvoit *faire taire*, quand il avoit une fois commencé *à parler: Aterius noster sufflaminandus est.* Il faut faire à cet homme ce qu'on fait aux roues des carosses à la descente d'une montagne; il faut l'enrayer." *

It is clear, therefore, that Jonson here speaks of Shakespeare (or Shakspere), *the man*, as a too voluble *talker;* indeed, the idea of anyone taking it upon himself to stop Shakespeare, *the dramatist*, in the course of his *writing* is manifestly absurd. The supposed antithesis, therefore, between Jonson's "opinion of Bacon *as an orator*" and "of Shakespeare *as a writer*," of which Mr. Haines endeavours to make a point, is but "a fond thing vainly invented."

It seems to me, then, that Mr. Haines, when he is calling attention to supposed "inaccuracies," whether in Shakespeare or in some of his critics, should give heed to the warning, "Physician heal thyself!" For one cannot forget that Mr. Haines has informed us, for example, in support of his assertion that Shakspere of Stratford "was possessed of books at his death" (of which he says "there cannot be the smallest doubt"), that one of these, *with his undoubted signature*, "'W. Shr.,' is still extant in the Bodleian Library." Yet Sir E. Maunde Thompson has told us that this signature (which, by the way, is "Wm. She., not "W. Shr.," as Mr. Haines quotes it) is an "undoubted forgery," and the same high authority has passed the same judgment on the signature "Wilm Shakspere" in Florio's version of Montaigne (1603), which Mr. Haines informs us "is with some reason regarded as genuine."†

Again, Mr. Haines has written of "The Plume MSS." that they have given us a "glimpse of John Shakespeare at his home cracking jests with his famous son," but he omitted to tell us that this pleasant picture rests upon the alleged statement of Sir John Mennes, who was born on March 1st, 1599, whereas John Shakspere died in September, 1601, so that the infant Mennes must, presumably, have been taken from his cradle in Kent, in his nurse's arms, for the purpose of interviewing the "merry-

* *Menagiana*, Edn. 1762, Vol. II., p. 197. Ménage, however, makes a slip in attributing Seneca's words to Cicero.

† *Shakespeare's England*, Vol. I., p. 308. n.

cheeked old man," of which interview he made a record when he had learnt to write! Really, Mr. Haines complaining of inaccuracy seems somewhat to resemble the Gracchi complaining of sedition.*

Mr. Haines, of course, refers to Heminge and Condell as the "editors" of the First Folio, and lays stress on the fact that "the editors state, definitely and unambiguously, that the plays are the work of their 'worthy Friend and Fellow' 'our Shakespeare.'" Yet he must, I should think, be aware that many quite "orthodox" critics, beginning with Steevens, and including James Boaden, Professor Dinsmore Briggs, Mr. Andrew Lang, and others, have come to the conclusion that Jonson himself wrote the Folio prefaces, which were merely signed by "the players." But let us see what that high Shakespearian authority, Dr. Felix Schelling, has to say on this subject. "Neither Heminge nor Condell was a writer, and such a book ought to be properly introduced. In such a juncture there could be no choice. The best book of the hour demanded sponsorship by the greatest contemporary man of letters. Ben Jonson was the King's poet, the Laureate, the literary dictator of the age; and Jonson rose nobly to the task, penning not only the epigram 'To the Reader,' and his noble personal eulogium, but *both the prose addresses of dedication. Of this matter there can be no question whatever.*"†

Now, although we may all agree with Dr. E. K. Chambers' pamphlet on "The Disintegration of Shakespeare," so far, at any rate, as his rejection of Mr. J. M. Robertson's "devastating offensive" is concerned, yet nobody, surely, at the present day will contend that one man wrote all the Folio from cover to cover. On the contrary, it is generally admitted—and surely most reasonably admitted—that some of the plays, and many parts of plays, are not "Shakespearian" at all. As Mr. Archer has written, "the simple faith which accepted as Shakespeare's everything between the two boards of the First Folio has gone never to return." When, therefore, Jonson

*The above are some samples from an article by Mr. C. M. Haines which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* of October, 1922.

†See "The Seedpod of Shakespeare Criticism," by Dr. Felix Schelling, being an address delivered at Houston Hall, Pennsylvania, January, 1920.

headed his famous eulogy, prefixed to this composite work, "To the memory of my beloved the Author," he must have known quite well that the work of many authors was embodied in the Folio, as well as the work of one man, "Shakespeare," who towered among them, a head and shoulders taller than all the others. It seems certainly not a little hard on all the other contributors that they should be passed over in silence, "without the meed of one melodious tear," their works being all ascribed indiscriminatingly to the authorship of the one man "Shakespeare"! Now the moral of all this is that Jonson knew much more about the First Folio and its authorship than he cared to tell, and that his statements concerning it, whether in prose or verse, must be accepted *cum grano salis*—nay, with *many* "grains of salt"; but, here again, the exigencies of space forbid me to enlarge on this interesting branch of the "Shakespeare problem."*

A few words more and I have done. Mr. Haines tells us that doubts as to the traditional authorship (*i.e.*, that the Shakespearian plays were the work of William Shakspere of Stratford) did not occur to anyone for 250 years after Shakspere's death. That is, of course, the "orthodox," view, but, in my humble opinion, it is an entirely mistaken one. John Manningham, for instance, Barrister of the Middle Temple, a well-educated and cultured man of the world, who took much interest in poetry and in dramatic performances, and who tells us, according to Sir Sidney Lee, "the sole anecdote of Shakespeare that is positively known to have been recorded in his lifetime," had no idea that the player of whom he relates this scandalous story was the author of the play *Twelfth Night*, the performance of which he witnessed with so much pleasure on their feast day in the Middle Temple Hall. "Shakspere's name William" is his sole comment on the player's message to Burbage that "William the Conqueror was before Richard the Third"! There is no reference whatever to him as a poet or dramatist. How different from Manningham's language when he speaks of Jonson, whom he knew well and whom he naturally describes as "the poet"!

And how is it possible to believe that the Burbages—

* I may, perhaps, be allowed to refer to my *Ben Jonson and Shakespeare* (Cecil Palmer, 1921).

Richard Burbage's widow, and William, his son, and Cuthbert Burbage—in their petition to the survivor of the "Incomparable Pair," but twelve years after the publication of the Folio, which had been dedicated to those noble brethren, and in which Jonson had lauded "Shakespeare" to the skies as "Soul of the Age, the applause, delight and wonder of our stage," could possibly have described William Shakespeare as merely a "man-player" and a "deserving man" if he had been, in truth and in fact, the author of those magnificent plays? *

Of course, if every contemporaneous allusion to the name "Shakespeare," in which name the poems and plays were published, is proof that they were all written by William Shakspere of Stratford, *cadit quæstio*, there is nothing more to be said. But few, I take it, will be found to support that proposition. There are, in fact, very few contemporaneous allusions to "Shakespeare" which do, apparently, identify player Shakspere with "Shakespeare" the great poet and dramatist, and in such cases the question arises: What evidence is there that the writer had any real knowledge of the facts of the case?

Mr. Haines, in conclusion, asks why Lord Sydenham and Mr. Batchelor have not seen fit to mention, or to reply to, the book entitled *Shakespeare's Hand in the Play of "Sir Thomas More,"* in which an attempt is made to prove the theory that the handwriting of the "three-page addition" of the old play is identical with that of the six signatures attributed to William Shakspere of Stratford. I would, therefore, crave leave to refer the reader to my recently published work, *The Shakspere Signatures and "Sir Thomas More"* (Cecil Palmer, 1924), in which I think he will find a very tolerably complete reply to this very remarkable and, I venture to say, quite untenable hypothesis.

* Most people seem to think that the dedication of the Folio to the two noble brethren, the Earls of Pembroke and of Montgomery, was something quite unique, and a proof that the work was one of quite exceptional interest and value. As a fact, however, many works, both before and after 1623, were dedicated to this "Incomparable Pair," who, as a friend remarks, seem to have been "the official dedicatees" of the period, and who, no doubt, rewarded the authors for the honour thus conferred upon them! I have myself seen, and could name, several works of that period so dedicated.

The Press and Crime

I.—The Cult of the Criminal

By Reginald F. Rynd

AMONG the large crop of social "reactions" produced by the war, none is so significant as the change in the public temper with reference to crime. In less degenerate days the criminal received no more than his due meed of public attention. Having contracted himself out of the ordinary social categories, he was left to the tender mercies of those legal processes he had set in motion. The law would deal with him fairly, the dice were loaded in his favour rather than against him, and for the rest he was *déclassé*. Society had no further concern with him.

To-day the first-class criminal becomes the centre of a solicitude that raises him to the highest pinnacle of public interest. Nothing as to his habits or personal appearance is too trivial for the public appetite. Women swarm to the courts, if only to get a fleeting glimpse of him. The Press conspires to keep the popular rapture at fever-heat. The colour of his hair, the shape of his nose, the play of his "mobile" features, are all recorded with a photographic accuracy. His every movement in the dock is recorded. He has but to put his hand to his brow, or pass it through his hair, for these salient gestures to be recorded in the remotest centres of civilisation.

The most intimate details of his private life and personal habits are recorded with a wealth of pictorial embellishment that leaves nothing to the imagination. His family relationships become the sport of irresponsible gossip, or the speculations of the prurient-minded. His portrait appears not once, but in every issue of the "penny" press in which his case is recorded. His features become public property, like those of the King or Prime Minister.

THE PRESS AND CRIME

Crime is no longer crime, but a histrionic or dramatic diversion in the monotonous routine of civic virtue. The criminal is no longer a criminal, but a hero, the "play boy" of a world craving for sensation, wearied with the meagre resources of a civilisation beggared and bankrupt by the shocks of war.

We are sometimes told that this spiritual effervescence is a passing phase, the natural reaction from years of an emotional compression that has not had time to work itself off. But this excuse is losing its first freshness. We may be faced by not more than a temporary lapse, a momentary weakening of the public *morale*; but if it is more than this, if it is a kind of grand climacteric in the emotional organism of the race, the effects may be far-reaching, disastrous. The line that divides the popular delimitation of right and wrong is thin at the best of times. The danger is that it may disappear altogether if this policy of investing young and interesting criminals with the halo of romance is persisted in. Already we are conscious of an ominous undercurrent of sympathy with breakers of the law, a kind of subterranean *schwermerei* that must react on the popular estimate of right and wrong.

The Press, or a certain portion of it, cannot be absolved from complicity in this *bouleversement* of the established order of things. The disproportion between the space allotted to matters of political importance and that occupied by the reports of criminal cases is too patent to be put down to chance. At times one's sense of decency is outraged at the orgy of publicity indulged in by the "penny" press. No detail is too trivial, no fact too intimate or personal, to be omitted from this salacious repast, this banquet of highly seasoned sensationalism.

But to rail at the Press is to tilt at windmills. The Press merely reflects the prevailing features of the popular taste; it is no longer the *arbiter elegantiarum* in these matters. It is only by educating the public mind in the direction of a juster estimate of moral values that we shall check this symptom of social *malaise*. How deep it goes and how far it is spread may be gathered from the interest displayed in a case, some months ago, with a more than usually horrible crop of details. We are told that memento-hunters have been haunting the precincts of this

brutal crime, and tearing up plants and chipping off bits of plaster as "relics" of a deed that were best buried in oblivion when once justice has been done.

A certain class of degenerate will always revel in the muckheaps of moral perversity. Every age has these vampires who batten on the abnormal and suck the last ounce of sensation from social outrage. These vultures must be left to their carrion. But the possibility that the virus may spread through the whole body politic is an alarming one, and the possibility is not so remote as might be imagined. We are told that criminals are no longer recruited from the lowest classes, that an amount of skill and forethought is employed in modern crime that argues no small measure of education, or even culture, in the criminal. If this be so, it is time public action was taken before things reach a pass where a cure will be difficult or impossible.

The first step would seem to lie in the creation of an awakened and more sensitive public opinion; a *communis sensus* no longer alive to the "human interest" that crime provides, but alive only to the incalculable dangers to social order that lie in a weakened estimate of social values, in which crime is the object of sympathy rather than detestation. The next step would seem to be a limitation of the powers of the Press to pander to this craze for sensation at whatever loss to public decency.

It is at least a step in the right direction that a movement has been set on foot to regulate the Press reports of divorce cases: an extension of this principle to all classes of crime should not be difficult.

II.—Punishment by Publicity

By Edmund B. d'Auvergne

WHENEVER an attempt is made to restrain the newspapers from reporting indelicate cases, it is met with the rejoinder that publicity is one of the most powerful deterrents from crime, and is a weapon used by the Press in the interests of the community. This claim, it is noteworthy, is seldom challenged even by those who hold that in a particular kind of case the remedy is more dangerous than the disease. But here it is proposed to examine the Press's claim to disciplinary powers and to consider its practical application.

It is apparently only in Anglo-Saxon countries that the journalist pretends to the dignity of public censor. In the United States, on the one hand, we see the claim pushed to admittedly dangerous extremes. On the continent of Europe, on the other, both the law and the public jealously resent any attempt on the part of the newspaper to invade the province of the magistrate and the pastor. There the view seems to be that the Press may criticise the Government and public bodies, but must leave the individual alone. In France, as most people know, the reporting of divorce cases is forbidden under severe penalties. Respect for private sensibilities is, indeed, in that country carried so far that the names of the parties in common assault cases are usually suppressed or disguised. One reads that "le sieur G." has been convicted of punching the head of "le sieur B." in circumstances that would not seem to an Englishman disastrously discreditable to either gentleman. In Holland, a Dutch journalist informs me, the Press have no access to the "dossier" in divorce and similar domestic cases, and report only those affecting persons of public notoriety. The struggle in many European countries for "the freedom of the Press" has been long and bitter, but this freedom has always been understood as freedom to criticise authority in the interests of the public. Such a claim as is made over here, to use publicity as a rod in pickle for the

private delinquent, would find very few champions across the Channel.

Nor could it be contended that in England the Press was called into existence to exercise any such functions. Supply does not always arise from demand; and assuredly at the beginnings of the British newspaper there existed no demand for any more efficient censorship than that exercised by the Church and the Bench. Newspapers recorded people's transgressions because they were news, and because people liked to know that other fellows were no better than themselves. However sincerely this plea of the public interest may be put forward nowadays by individuals, the Press generally saw then, as they see now, in the indiscriminate circulation of news, nothing loftier than a mere commerce.

What are the qualifications of the Press for the *rôle* of censor? To whom do we entrust this formidable weapon of publicity? First and foremost, the Press in this country is an anonymous body, anonymous as regards owners, editors, leader-writers, and reporters. How many readers of *The Times*, *The Daily News*, or *The Daily Mail* could tell you the name of its editor? In some cases there is not one responsible editor, but the office is placed in commission, the responsibility being thus distributed and obscured. Those who control our newspapers may be men, virtuous, wise, disinterested; they may be—and sometimes are—imperfectly educated, light-minded, inexperienced, and ignorant of the fundamentals of ethics and sociology. They are often prejudiced and interested. They are, for the most part, paid servants. They may be venal. They are undoubtedly irresponsible.

Publicity, they are certainly right in maintaining, may be a powerful deterrent and a tremendous penalty. It is often regarded as the most serious part of the wrongdoer's punishment. Not long ago a wealthy merchant had to pay heavy damages on being found guilty of seduction. It is safe to say that such an offender would have gladly paid five or six times the amount of his fine to keep his name out of the newspapers. Such instances might be multiplied. Indeed, where the magistrate imposes a fine or a short term of imprisonment, the newspaper often inflicts lasting infamy, in many cases utter ruin. It is the intention

of the law that by his legal punishment the guilty man shall be purged of his offence. That merciful intention is defeated by the hired reporter, who pushes the fallen man over the edge of disaster to provide a tasty morsel of reading. The law chastises—but the Press destroys.

This fact is, of course, borne in mind by certain judges. On convicting a man of a technical fraud upon a railway company recently the magistrate asked the prosecuting solicitor if the company proposed to publish the name and address of the offender. On being told that this course would be pursued, as usual, the magistrate imposed only a nominal fine, rightly considering, no doubt, that no one should be punished twice for the same offence.

Now, publicity as a penalty is unknown to English law. Its value as a deterrent was not put forward when the pillory was formally abolished without a debate in the year 1837; and no mention was then made of the Press as a substitute. But the pillory was occupied only by the culprit, whose name probably few of the derisive audience stopped to enquire. The newspaper report involves the innocent family of the guilty person. Twelve years ago a man was executed for the murder of a constable at Eastbourne. In the course of the trial it came out that the accused was passing under an assumed name, and was in reality connected with a highly respectable family in Scotland. His relatives were happily unaware of his identity, and the judge expressed the hope that it would be kept a secret from them. But a London evening paper of enormous circulation got hold of the felon's name and published it on the eve of his execution. Was this in the interests of public morality?

It is idle to pretend that the Press can always be relied upon to use discrimination or equity in dealing with the delinquent. Generally, that case is selected for publication which will admit of the most sensational or succulent caption. The misconduct of Mr. Smith, residing in a six-roomed house at Finchley, will escape notoriety; but if the drama had been staged in an "upper part" at Shepherd's Bush it would have been proclaimed to the world as a "Scandal in a West-End Flat." It is not according to the relative guilt of the parties that our self-constituted censors deal out their lashes. The small tradesman may get through

the courts unnoticed, but the limelight is turned full on the actor, the artist, and even the much less interesting novelist. Such distinctions seem strangely drawn by a body claiming to exercise its powers only for the benefit of the community! Is the purity of the actor's home of more importance than that of the baker's at Finchley?

Let us now take the case of the juvenile offender. Rightly or wrongly, and I suppose most people would say rightly, the law inclines to the view that vicious tendencies in the very young may be eradicated, and that the youthful criminal should be given a chance of becoming a useful citizen later on. Quite recently, a girl of thirteen or fourteen was convicted in France of killing a relative in circumstances of provocation. She was committed to a reformatory, to emerge, presumably, in ten or twelve years' time, with every chance of redeeming her past. The French papers referred to her by her initials only. Had the case come before the English courts, her full name would have been given, and the adult woman would never have escaped the infamy attaching to her juvenile crime. The merciful purpose of the law would have been defeated by the reporter.

It is customary to say that in no other country does the newspaper Press exhibit such decency, honesty and judgment. We may admit all that, yet refuse to an anonymous and irresponsible tribunal a power to punish in many cases more dreadful and devastating than the law's. By publishing his case in the newspaper, the convicted man, we must admit, is punished twice over. It is not suggested that this form of penalty or deterrent should be abolished, and that we should adopt the French method of covering up the wrong-doing of the individual. But publicity should be recognised as a penalty by the law of the land, and measured out by the court. To the layman there seems nothing impracticable in this. It should be left to the jury—and, in non-jury cases, to the judge—to mark the proceedings for publication; and this should be taken into consideration when an additional penalty, if any, is inflicted. If a man is to be branded for life as well as fined or imprisoned, let this be done by the King's judges. Not in vain does the Prince bear the sword; let it not be taken from him by the feebler wielder of the pen.

Nocturne

By Valerie Pirie

On a stifling hot night in August the rue de Laborde is not the most agreeable locality in Paris. But the "concierges" and small tradesmen who keep their premises open till they retire to bed have perforce to take their airing on the narrow, grimy pavement. There they sit by their respective doors like watch-dogs by their kennels, as securely bound by habit and proprietary instinct as by the stoutest chain. It is not to oblige customers or in the hope of making a belated bargain that the old lady of the *bureau de tabacs*, or the fruit vendor, or the old shoes' repairer, leave their shop doors open; but because they and their families eat, sleep, quarrel and love in the small room at the back with a window the size of a ventilator, giving into a courtyard, and the only breath of air they can lay in for the night has to be coaxed from the street, gathering on its sluggish course the unsavoury odours of Maryland tobacco, decaying vegetables, or old boots—according to the various callings of the consumers.

For the more fortunate mortals who, though being domiciled in this depressing street, yet enjoy the freedom of an *appartement*, there is the square just across the Place St. Augustin, with benches, gravel paths and a few shrubs, or to those who prefer real sylvan delights at the expense of a few minutes' walk, the Parc Monceau can offer the comparative freshness of carefully watered lawns and shadowy groves.

The clock of St. Augustin struck ten, and *la mère* Poulbot, who was old and used to insomnia, rose with a long-drawn yawn. She was weary, and habit had long since inured her to the varied drawbacks of the four seasons—she did not expect to sleep much, but, anyhow, she could rest. She paused before bidding her neighbours good night, while her shrewd old eyes scanned the closely

shuttered windows over the shop across the road. The gas jet flickered, as usual, in the projecting lantern of red and blue glass, on either side of which the word "Pharmacie" stood out in white lettering. But on the iron shutter below had been pasted a sheet of paper bearing the inscription, "Fermé pour cause de décès," and a bit of dusty black crape tied to the knob of the night bell was presumably intended to convey the mournful message to any absent-minded caller who might have overlooked the notice. "Who keeps the death watch up there?" she inquired. "The family," replied the cobbler, rocking his monumental form to and fro on a creaking chair, which he entirely concealed under his scantily clad and perspiring person. His tone of voice had expressed relief and thanksgiving, which, all things considered, was only natural, as had the relations failed to fulfil their obligations, the duty of organising *la veillée* would, according to a recognised custom among the French lower classes, have devolved on himself as the nearest neighbour; and although he appreciated to the full the pathos of Madame Faradet's demise, yet he had no personal friendship for her husband, who considered himself far superior to the ordinary tradespeople of the vicinity, and showed little inclination to distribute advice and drugs free of charge, or even on long credit.

From the street no light could be seen in the *chambre mortuaire*, for although the windows stood open the green rep curtains were drawn carefully across them, and within not a breath of air fanned the flame of the tall wax tapers placed symmetrically on either side of the bed.

Monsieur Faradet leant sideways in his stiff mahogany armchair, seeking an easier attitude. He had removed his collar and coat and sat in his shirt-sleeves, occasionally mopping his face with a handkerchief.

It was not respectful, as he was well aware, to *veiller* the dead in such a *négligé* costume; but no one could see him to censure his breach of manners, and he was, after all, the best judge of what he could or could not permit himself in the presence of his dead wife. It was ridiculous, he reflected, to inconvenience yourself for a woman because she was dead, when you had never dreamed of doing so in her lifetime. But there it is; habits and

customs must be adhered to, if only outwardly. And after all it cut both ways, as his sisters were undertaking to relieve him of his vigil at midnight, and they would certainly not have come right across Paris in the middle of the night to watch by Eugenie's deathbed if custom and tradition had not lashed them into performing this duty.

He wished he could smoke just one cigar, but, alas! it was out of the question, as his sisters would be certain to notice the smell of tobacco and would consider his conduct as most irreverent—downright sacrilegious, in fact. He glanced round the room at the old-fashioned Louis Philippe furniture that had been his parents' and that had witnessed all the important events of his life. Facing him on the chest of drawers, under a glass globe, was Eugenie's *couronne de mariée*—a tiara of waxen orange flowers on a red plush stand. It was difficult for him to visualise the blushing young bride he had brought back to this very room twenty years before, so completely had Madame Faradet lost all trace of youth and freshness during the long years of illness which had preceded her death. Yet it was not, after all, so very long ago—what was twenty years out of eighty, or perhaps ninety, allotted to most healthy mortals? And he, Faradet, felt as strong and full of life as ever.

The heat was becoming heavier and more unbearable every minute. Monsieur Faradet crept behind the curtains and peered down through the interstices of the shutters. The neighbours had all retired by now, and the street was deserted. He could hear the clang of the tramway bells on the Place St. Augustin and the motor horns barking as the cars neared the dangerous corner from the Boulevard Malesherbes; but in the rue de Laborde all was still, save for a stray cat prowling round a refuse heap, or an occasional passer-by.

He resumed his seat with a sigh. How silent the house was! Not that Eugenie in life had been much noisier than Eugenie in death. Still, she was a living presence, and of late years a permanent one. Poor Eugenie! What a quiet, long-suffering little creature she had been, to be sure; but so dull, so commonplace. There had been ample excuse for him if he had neglected her

slightly, and she must have realised it, for she had never complained. But, then, was it not natural that he—a poet—should have sought inspiration in a keener, more intellectual atmosphere than that of his own home?

For if Monsieur Faradet had been born to a chemist's calling, being the son and grandson of chemists, yet he had also been born a poet; that is to say, he composed verses in his odd moments. Indeed, he had even supplied a provincial paper regularly for some months with a weekly prescription in doggerel calculated both to alleviate human sufferings and to advertise his goods. But that had been years and years ago. Since then he had done really serious work, another class of thing altogether, which his friends at "The Café de l'Avant Garde" had persuaded him to publish, at his own expense, in a single edition of one hundred copies, which would be fabulously valuable some day! The subjects he had treated were, perhaps, a little hackneyed, being, as he said himself, eternal; but the form of Monsieur Faradet's poetry was intensely, fiercely original and quite independent of any conventional shackles such as metre, rhyme or rhythm.

The author had kept ten copies of his book to distribute among his admirers, and launched the remainder on the world of letters, which, truth to tell, took not the slightest notice of the event. But Monsieur Faradet derived far greater satisfaction from the fact that his book sold well than he would have from reading a few paltry notices in the press. It is a notorious fact that poetry by unknown authors is practically unsaleable, and Monsieur Faradet's publishers, though professing the greatest admiration for his genius, had thought it only right, once the book was safely in the press, to prepare him for a possible disappointment; so much so that when the ninety copies had duly left the premises to appear on the Paris bookstalls, and the author, armed with the other ten and the receipt for his account, was about to take leave of the elderly partners, a wave of unbridled pessimism had swept over them, and they had given utterance to the most gloomy forebodings.

However, they were proved completely mistaken, and Monsieur Faradet triumphed; for the ninety volumes were accounted for in a comparatively short time, and the publishers, without shame or apologies, approached the author

as to a second edition. But it had been an anxious time for Monsieur Faradet, and he was not prepared to renew the experiment. He had not written much of late, but now, during the enforced solitude of those first weeks of mourning, he decided he would take it up again. There was that unfinished sonnet on the trampled sprig of myosotis in the slaughterhouse, which, with a little polishing, could be nothing less than sublime. And the poet lost himself in reckless altitudes of thought.

A couple of bluebottles, buzzing round the candles, recalled the widower to the sordid realities of the world. He had long been prepared for the loss of his wife, and felt equal to face the event now with courage and equanimity. Poor Eugenie, she had counted very little in his life; in fact, there was no denying that she had been an utter failure. Not only had she been childless; she had not even shared in his poetic aspirations. At first he had occasionally read to her the simpler of his compositions, but the look of strain and perplexity which had crept into her pale blue eyes irritated him beyond words, and he had soon given up the attempt to educate her taste up to the level of his own. "The poor little fool," he had said to himself, "I would have made her immortal! She would have stood before posterity hand in hand with Beatrice, Laure and Elvire, instead of which she will live and die obscurely as the wife of Faradet the chemist, ignored and unsung by Faradet the poet." So he had sought a muse, indeed several muses, elsewhere, and found them easily enough.

He glanced indifferently towards the bed at the emaciated form under the cotton counterpane. Through the folds of the white tulle veil which was spread over her the dead woman's face appeared haloed and indistinct. Monsieur Faradet was well aware it was her wedding veil, for he himself had told the women where to find it when they had requested some such covering for the corpse. "*Rapport aux mouches*," as they had informed him with callous businesslike explicitness; but he was not sentimental about such things, and he felt intolerably drowsy. Would the church clock never strike eleven, he wondered.

He sat down wearily, feeling lonely and tired. It was not reasonable, this exacting claim of the dead

on the continual attendance of the harassed survivors. His resentment flared up against such tyranny. He prided himself on looking facts in the face and being free from all trammels of sentiment. He had never loved his wife; then why should her death be made to cause him discomfort? She had loved him, of course; but that was natural, and, to do her justice, she had been a good wife according to her lights, and a faithful one. Yes, he thought he could safely class himself among those select few who had escaped the odious ridicule common to most married men. Poor Eugenie! She had not been a coquette, certainly; he could not recollect a single instance when her attitude or that of his friends had caused him the slightest uneasiness.

Yet she had not been unattractive at first; in her rather pallid, colourless way almost pretty, even, when fresh air or excitement had brought a touch of colour to her cheeks. For the first time he wondered what she had been interested in, what occupation she had found to wile away the hours when he attended to his business in the shop downstairs, or sought inspiration from the muses. Occasional visits to or from some woman friend? Household duties? Shopping? On the whole she had led a very sedentary life; yet at one time, he remembered, she had taken to long, solitary outings, and had always returned tired and rather apologetic.

Strange he had not been more curious to discover the object of those excursions; that he should have accepted them without investigating the confused explanations she gave him. He was always so busy and so absolutely uninterested in her movements. But now that he had ample opportunity of thinking the matter over, it struck him as suspicious. Could he have been mistaken in her after all? Was Eugenie's meek, nervous manner assumed to mislead him? And had she managed to deceive him so cunningly that not the faintest suspicion of her duplicity had ever disturbed his complacent mind?

Incredible, and yet—in those days she was young and passable. He had taken for granted that his wife loved him. She was so silent, so uncommunicative, things had to be taken for granted with her; and to be honest he had not troubled much about her feelings anyway. Had she

resented his indifference? What if she had taken such a low, dastardly revenge on him! Women had acted so before, were all naturally deceitful and cunning—but Eugenie? Could it be possible?

If only these suspicions had dawned on him earlier, while she was still alive to answer his questions! He would have guessed the truth at once by the look in her eyes, even if her lips had lied to him. But now it was too late. He clenched his hands in impotent wrath. Yet—he must know, he *must* know.

With an effort he compelled himself to think out the matter calmly. If Eugenie had had a *liaison* he would certainly find some trace of it. Sentimental and secretive as she was, she could not have failed to keep some token of her romance, some "souvenir" of her lover to gloat over in her hours of solitude. He would search her belongings at once. He might find a clue, perhaps even proof positive of her guilt.

But the drawers with their neat piles of underlinen yielded up no sinful secret. No letter, no lock of hair, not even a withered flower did they conceal; nor did the wardrobe, almost entirely occupied by his own clothes, lead to any discoveries. Monsieur Faradet's wrath was slowly subsiding. He felt baffled yet immensely relieved. No doubt he had been a trifle hasty in his conclusions, but then he was over-wrought. A poet's emotions are very near the surface, and his imagination carries him away. He would have a last look in the closet where rubbish and oddments were stowed, and then dismiss the matter from his mind.

He threw open the flimsy, paper-covered door, but could see nothing but darkness so opaque as to seem almost tangible. "A regular Blue Beard's closet," was Monsieur Faradet's unspoken comment as he returned with a lighted candle held aloft. Dust lay thick on the battered band-boxes stacked carelessly against the walls of the musty-smelling cubicle, and a mouse scuttled to cover behind an old-fashioned wooden trunk. Monsieur Faradet had not set eyes on that trunk for twenty years, but he recognised it instantly. It was the one in which Eugenie had brought her modest trousseau to the rue de Laborde, and he had remarked to himself at the time how mean it was of her

mother to have sent her off with a box so dilapidated that a servant even would have been ashamed to own it.

If Eugenie had wanted a *cache* she could certainly never have selected a better one, and Monsieur Faradet, now keen and alert like a gold digger surveying a particularly promising claim, placed the candlestick on the floor and examined the rusty fastenings. They flapped loosely outwards at the merest touch; the box was not even locked. In a moment he had cleared the lid of all the miscellaneous rubbish which obstructed it, and raised it sharply on its creaky hinges.

Monsieur Faradet peered in, then remained motionless as if turned to stone. A look of utter stupefaction spread over his countenance, and the sweat trickled unheeded down his sallow cheeks. For what he saw in his wife's old trunk undoubtedly gave him the greatest surprise of his life. Lying there side by side, in bundles of ten, slumbered the ninety copies of his immortal verse!

Sloping Script

By A Preparatory Schoolmaster

THE subject of Handwriting is one that is always with us, and a very trying subject we find it, to the temper, when we see certain envelopes on our breakfast table and know from bitter experience the problems of deciphering that await us in their contents.

Compared with time-devouring puzzles of this kind forwarded by distinguished doctors, divines and (*heu! nefas*) schoolmasters of one's acquaintance, the typewritten missives, "O.H.M.S.," on buff-coloured manilla from H.M. Inspector of Taxes, "Private," are positively exhilarating and calculated to encourage a flagging appetite.

So many people seem to think that the one thing to aim at in handling a pen is lightning speed, so far as they personally are concerned. I have seen letters written, or pretended to be written, on the stage with rather remarkable celerity; but, judging by results, I should think half a dozen of my regular correspondents could give any of these temporary Napoleons three lines start in a five-line race and leave them standing.

No one would advocate avoidable waste of time, either in writing a letter or the extraction of a molar, and the average human being seems to hate such dissimilar operations with a very similar hatred.

But I venture to plead that the consideration of "time" should, in any discussion of handwriting, include the "time" of the reader. It sometimes happens that the writer wants the reader to do something for him: in such case it is surely just as well to remember that the reader's time may possibly be of value, if only to himself, and that his convenience is worth consideration.

Musing on these lines, and finding it none too easy to read letters of my own, written and despatched lightheartedly and returned for translation, it struck me, some six years ago, that the real thing to aim at in writing was

not so much initial speed as legibility. It was a great and illuminating thought.

Being a schoolmaster myself, I had to read a great many cryptic compositions written in the ordinary cursive hand of young persons. In the course of years I had become fairly expert in this art, and case-hardened to the incredible spelling mistakes with which they bristled.

Someone happened to say to me, "What do you think of this script hand they are teaching in the elementary schools?" Not having seen it, I naturally had no thoughts worth mentioning. So I got some of their copy-books and studied them; went to the nearest village school and examined the results; found them absolutely legible and far better spelt than those of boys of the same age whom I was "preparing" for English public schools, and the later ranks of English scribblers to which I belonged myself.

The script was round and upright: the worst that could be said of the worst specimens was a tendency to a disagreeable "backward" slope.

After two or three days' trial I found it quite easy to write, but a bit slow and cramping to the hand, also fatiguing to the eye. So I tried the sloping (forward) variety of the same "script" hand which has been used for ages by architects, surveyors, engineers and map-makers, and to my delight found that the good points of script remained whilst the bad ones vanished.

The forward slope led the reader's eye rapidly and naturally from left to right: it also enabled the writer to see what he was writing, and to drag the words after his pen, held comfortably, pointing well clear of his right shoulder, instead of prodding each letter from behind, like the officers of certain foreign armies.

It was undeniably legible, each letter being properly formed and proportioned; the effect was quite pleasing and the speed at which it could be written, after one week's practice, was at least equal to that of the flow of decently considered thought. A great deal of time was saved by the omission of all loops, serifs, twiddles, flourishes and connecting "ticks." Just as in rowing one "feathers" one's oar between the strokes, and learns exactly where to place the next stroke without looking to see, or sprawling

one's blade along the surface, so it was easy to "feather" one's pen. At this point I happened to hear of the scientific experiment by Dr. C. W. Kimmins, of the L.C.C., the great advocate of script (he only knew and advocated upright script) in Government schools. He made ten thousand school children simultaneously write, for five minutes, "Mary had a little lamb," as hard as they could go, over and over again. Some wrote script, and some wrote cursive. The script-writers won easily. That settled the question of possible speed.

I noticed that some of their specimens sloped forwards, though the children had only been taught upright. So I taught and forced my 150 boys to write sloping script, and despotically made the writing of cursive a crime in my little kingdom, to the horror of my colleagues, who hinted at the deplorable nature of sacrilege wedded to insanity. At the end of one term we tried the "Mary had a little lamb" test, and beat Dr. Kimmins' results handsomely in the way of speed.

Ever since we have "used no other": nor do we mean to. Colleagues here and in many other schools, boys, girls, parents and many of their friends have followed suit. Written work has become a joy to read; spelling has improved out of all recognition; there is a new spirit of accuracy, tidiness, efficiency.

Most astonishing of all is the aid to spelling: give a child the picture of a word written (not printed in conventional book type) exactly as he must write it with his pen, and he never forgets its appearance. There is no other logical way of teaching a child to spell a non-phonetic language such as ours than through the eye: what has the ear to do with spelling English? Once a boy knows the look of a word correctly written it gets up and hits him in the eye if spelt wrongly; whereas in ordinary English cursive it looks so much alike, spelt in three different ways, that most men, like the Bishop, after trying the three varieties, take refuge in a synonym.

A spelling-book has now been printed in Sloping Script characters, specially cut, *ad hoc*, in America: I can only say it is the most potent educational weapon I have ever used.

But mankind is conservative, prejudiced, lazy and

timid. Proved to be wrong in objecting to sloping script on the grounds of speed; dumb as to its obvious merits in legibility, it cries, "Your script is devoid of *character*."

Well, personally, I am with the writer of those articles in the *Daily Mail* who calls himself "John Blunt." "Give me legibility," he says, "in a letter, and leave me to divine the character of my correspondent, if I don't know it, from the contents of the letter: not from the mannerisms of his hand."

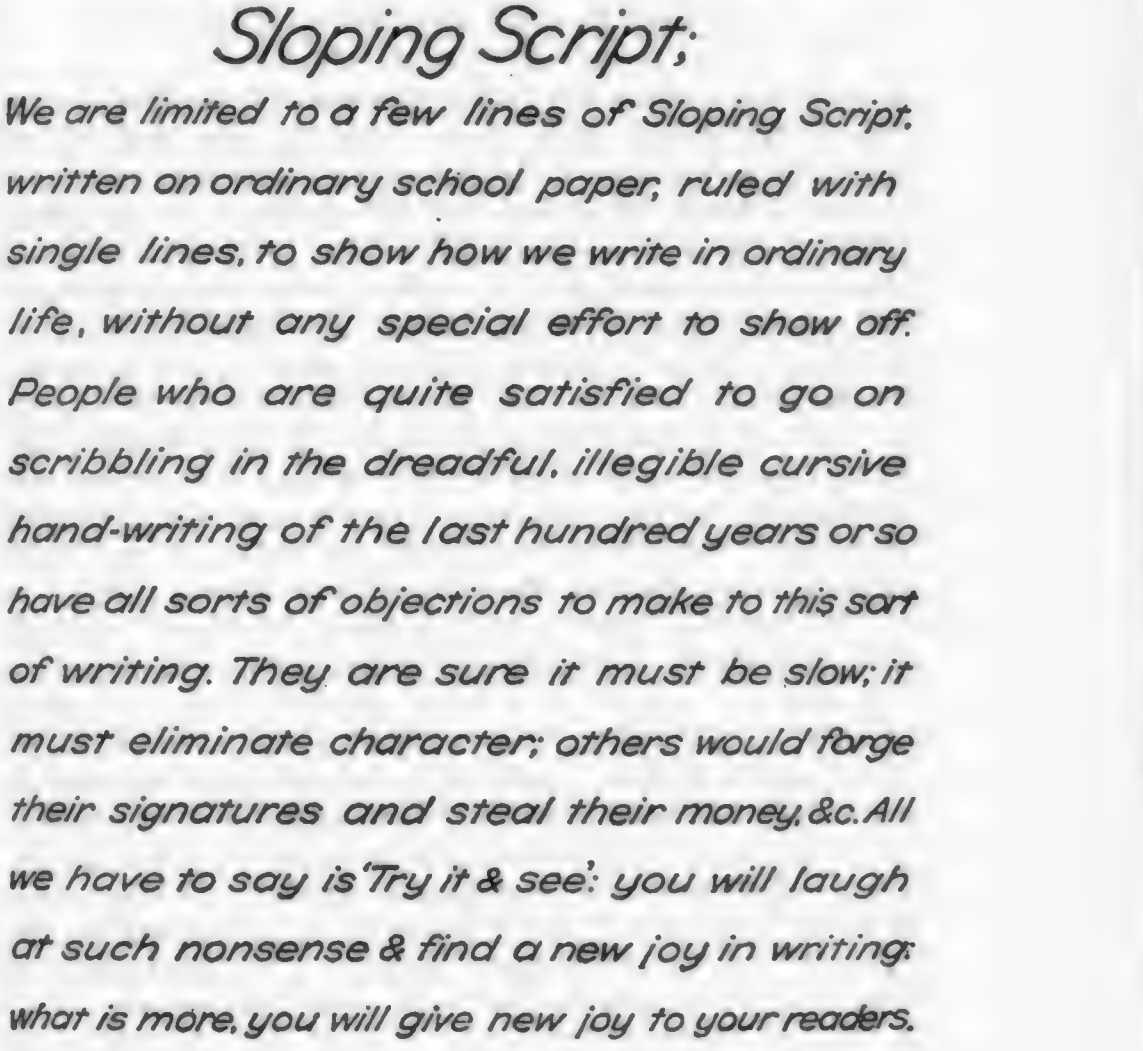
What is more, I think the "character" of some of my more eminent friends would be misrepresented by their handwriting: they are not really sloppy, inconsiderate, impertinent people. Anyone whose "character" really is of the kind indicated by his scribble, would surely do well to hide it—especially when writing to a stranger from whom he is presumably seeking help. For we do not as a rule write to strangers with a view of keeping down our incomes.

What is more, though a hundred children are taught from the same model, no two will write exactly alike; even before they have reached an age when a hand is formed, a teacher of a class of a dozen children knows at a glance which child has written a particular sheet without looking for the author's name at the top.

Opposite is a block showing the ideal at which copies aim. Its main features are rapidly seized and easily retained. For actual signatures a certain amount of latitude is allowed and encouraged; but this encouragement stops short of a signature such as that, let us say, of a French official, which is deliberately made so that it looks like a radiograph of a decrepit corkscrew.

Lastly, let it be said that no one has any quarrel with really good cursive writing, or even a complaint about it other than its exasperating rarity: in the few hands that know how to use it, nothing could be better. But it is far too dangerous a weapon to entrust to all and sundry, especially to children. Some there be who for various reasons wish to write cursive after having learned script: this is generally for the same reason that men wear uncomfortable clothes and hats: the Englishman's hatred of being conspicuous. I would reassure such people by pointing out that it is perfectly easy to change from sloping script

to a perfectly good cursive at almost a moment's notice. But those who ultimately do so are quite few. Queen Elizabeth, as we all know, wrote a good deal, in half a dozen languages: it is less generally known that she wrote a very beautiful sloping script, as different as possible


Sloping Script;
We are limited to a few lines of Sloping Script, written on ordinary school paper, ruled with single lines, to show how we write in ordinary life, without any special effort to show off. People who are quite satisfied to go on scribbling in the dreadful, illegible cursive hand-writing of the last hundred years or so have all sorts of objections to make to this sort of writing. They are sure it must be slow; it must eliminate character; others would forge their signatures and steal their money, &c. All we have to say is 'Try it & see': you will laugh at such nonsense & find a new joy in writing: what is more, you will give new joy to your readers.

from the gnarled, cramped and angular "script" that one still sees in the cartouches of stained glass windows and hears preached by a self-elected *élite* of revivalist artists for general use. Against "script" of that terrible kind a clause might well be added to the Litany.

Picketing and the Law

By E. P. Hewitt, K.C., LL.D.

The Trade Union Act, 1871, was not the earliest statute recognising trade unions, but it was the first that placed them on a secure basis. By that Act the purposes of a trade union are not, by reason merely that they are in restraint of trade, to be deemed unlawful. The privileges of trade unions were considerably extended by the Trades Disputes Act, 1906, which provides that an act done in pursuance of an agreement or combination by two or more persons, if done in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute, is not to be actionable unless the act, if done without any such agreement or combination, would be actionable. Section 2 of the Act, in effect, expressly authorises peaceful picketing; and Section 4 exempts trade unions from liability to be sued for the torts of their agents.

The Act of 1906 has been much criticised, and the picketing clause in particular has been objected to as mischievous. To attempt to repeal this Act would no doubt be taken as an attack upon trade unionism, and would be strenuously, perhaps violently, resisted; but an amendment designed to modify the provisions relating to picketing would not, it is believed, be seriously opposed by the more moderate and responsible leaders of organised manual labour, and would be strongly welcomed by the general body of unorganised labour. The exact terms of Section 2 (1) of the Act of 1906 should be noted:—

> It shall be lawful for one or more persons, acting on their own behalf or on behalf of a Trade Union or of an individual employer or firm in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute, to attend at or near a house or place where a person resides or works or carries on business or happens to be, *if they so attend merely for the purpose of peacefully obtaining or communicating information, or of peacefully persuading any person to work or abstain from working.* (My italics.)

The danger of the privileges conferred by this section being abused would be considerably lessened if the section

were amended by some such words as the following being added :—

> And provided that such attendance is not made in such numbers or in such manner as to intimidate, or to be likely to intimidate, any other person or persons.

When a strike is in progress the men engaged in it usually feel keen resentment against "blacklegs," as they term any persons, whether in the same employ or volunteers from outside, who endeavour to continue the work. Accordingly, the authorisation given by Section 2 of the Act of 1906 for "one or more persons"—without any limitation as to number—to "attend at or near" the very place where the work, in reference to which the dispute has arisen, is carried on, or where a "blackleg" resides, is an invitation to the men on strike to support their action by pressure and intimidation. The qualification contained in the statute, in the clause set out above in italics, is of no practical value. To expect that men who have ceased work, and have an active interest in preventing such work being carried on by others, should gather in large crowds close to the place of business, or outside the homes of "blacklegs," without indulging in violence or intimidation is to ask too much of human nature. It speaks well for the self-restraint of our manual workers that they should not have yielded more fully to so manifest a temptation. And the fact that violence and intimidation may at any moment be indulged in operates powerfully to deter men not engaged in the strike from taking up the work which has been stopped. If adequate protection were afforded to men desirous of working, no strike—in the absence of a genuine grievance, seriously requiring a remedy—would continue for more than a very brief period; and as a first step towards conferring such protection the defect in the existing statute-law, by which the exercise of intimidation and violence is facilitated, should be removed.

Building Without Bricks

By B. S. Townroe

Formerly Editor of "Housing," the Ministry of Health Journal.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, the Minister of Health, is hoping that new methods of construction may be developed, and thus the cost of cottage building be kept within reasonable limits.

Similar hopes were cherished by Dr. Addison and his officials five years ago, when a Standardisation Committee was set up to investigate all new methods of building that were then submitted, not only from this country but from various parts of the Empire. Out of the many hundreds of suggestions received, however, only a few score were approved as being worth investigation and eventual approval. It should be noted, moreover, that such official approval was not necessarily recommendation of any particular method, but simply permission to use the method as being probably safe and sanitary.

But even of those systems to which such limited approval was given, few more than half a dozen survive. A visit to the experimental station at Acton, where experiments in new methods have been carried out and watched by the officials of the Building Research Board, should convince even the most credulous that too much reliance must not be placed on the highly coloured promises that concrete or steel or wood is to be the principal material of the houses of the future. The Acton Council in 1920 showed considerable public spirit in allocating one street of their new housing scheme as a site on which various new methods could be tried out; and in four years, weather and time have certainly exposed the weaknesses of certain systems.

Concrete in various forms, either made into blocks of different sizes, or poured liquid into shutterings and then left to solidify, was the basis of the majority of the systems with which the experiments were made. Some failed

because cottages were erected almost as strong as machine-gun emplacements, and naturally proved to be very expensive.

First a skeleton of steel or iron or wood was erected, and then blocks of concrete were placed in the frames, which, although they bore little weight, yet were so strong that they could have supported several stories. As a result, the cost in innumerable cases of these experimental concrete houses proved to be far higher than that of brick.

Another serious weakness of concrete houses in the past has been the way in which the rain has percolated through the walls. Those local authorities who erected concrete cottages have in many cases been deluged with complaints from tenants of dampness, and even of the rain water coming through. No doubt it will be asserted by the advocates of concrete that these unfortunate cases are isolated, and that good concrete, properly mixed, can be made absolutely waterproof. This is quite true. Many instances could be quoted of large buildings, recently erected in the London area, in which concrete of only three inches thick has kept out even the rain of last summer; but on the other side there are cases in which concrete foundations four and five feet deep have let in subsoil water.

For experience is more and more proving that concrete needs properly mixing and handling, and thus the idea, fostered by badly informed advocates, that unskilled labour can be utilised in order to put concrete blocks together and run up cottages by the thousand must be exploded as a fallacy. Undoubtedly concrete has a future for cottage building, especially in cases where large housing schemes are being carried out, and where shuttering or moulds can be used on a large scale for mass production many times over, thus reducing the cost. But even so, a certain degree of skill must be available.

Even if purely unskilled unemployed men could be recruited for concrete dwellings, this would not appreciably diminish the cost, for it would only save employing bricklayers, whose wages amount to not more than about one-sixth of the total labour charges. Even if, by a stroke of the pen, Mr. Chamberlain could decree that all houses erected by State assistance should be made of concrete and not of brick, and that blocks should be manufactured

in State factories, turned out by the million, the nation would probably have to pay more rather than less for the houses. For in such circumstances the trade union organisers would very rapidly take care that all men, possibly unskilled when they were first taken on to put up the concrete houses, would be cajoled into trade unions and classified as skilled men, in the hope that their wages would stampede upwards and their hours of work be shortened. Overtime would be allowed very sparingly, and, above all, piecework of any kind would be forbidden. Concrete cannot fight the trade union autocracy, and it is folly to pretend, as is asserted in certain quarters, that any new material will solve our labour difficulties, which are human, not mechanical.

There are, it is true, certain concrete systems in existence that are standing the test of time. The concrete pipes in Rome are still good, although they were first laid down under the Emperors. But cottage building is a complex and difficult operation, and only one or two systems of utilising concrete have made good in practice because of the ingenuity of their inventors in the use of shutterings, and because of their structural efficiency. There will be other systems placed before the British public this year that are said to have been found satisfactory in America. But before they can be recommended, those responsible will have to prove that houses so erected do not cost more than ordinary brick cottages, that the system is sufficiently flexible to allow of a variety of designs, and that sufficient skilled labour can be obtained to avoid making stupid blunders. One important English local authority three years ago put up certain concrete houses which collapsed a few months after erection, while others proved to be as porous as sponges, to the distress of the tenants.

Objection has been raised to concrete houses in certain quarters because of their dull appearance. The British Empire Exhibition, which has proved the value of reinforced concrete for constructing factories and large buildings, has also proved how reeded surfaces can be used and coloured so as to present a picturesque and even gay exterior. But the test in cottage building is cost, not appearance.

BUILDING WITHOUT BRICKS

Although concrete has been the basic material of the majority of the new methods of construction with which experiments have been made during the past five years, other materials have been used. At Amesbury, for example, the Ministry of Agriculture has tried with varying success the use of rammed chalk. Mr. G. J. Skipper, an architect with considerable gifts of construction, has introduced the use of clay lump in East Anglia, while timber has been used for bungalows and cottages probably more freely since the Armistice than at any time since the Middle Ages. Steel houses, too, are being developed by Lord Weir, the Duke of Atholl, Messrs. Dorman Long, and others.

But at bedrock the housing problem depends on the men rather than on the methods. In a remote part of Devonshire cottages are being rapidly put up, made of brick, at a cost that would seem absurdly low to many of the Councils who are at present obtaining tenders. The explanation is that "Ben Yeo," the builder responsible, works on the job himself. He has never belonged to a trade union, and has no intention of doing so. His hours are not forty-six and a half during summer—the regulation hours under the recent settlement—but at least fifty-four, as he works nine hours a day for six days a week, and when the light will permit, even longer. His son, who is stone-deaf owing to being shot through both ears during the war, and another ex-Service man, assist him, acting as excavators, bricklayers, tilers, plasterers, and painters. The village carpenter is called in for all carpentry work, but there is no restriction of output, no trade union limitations, and the three men earn what they can. Accordingly they have put up several cottages—containing a living-room, scullery, three bedrooms, coalhouse, and shed—at a cost, including land, the digging of a well for water supply, and paths, of not more than £400 each. Each cottage has taken about seven weeks to build.

This is not a unique example. A housing scheme on a more elaborate scale has recently been finished in the South of London, consisting of three hundred houses which were all built by non-union labour, and which have found ready purchasers. In spite of the big drum beaten by the leaders of the trade unions, all connected with the industry

know well that there is a breaking-away. Men who are normally trade unionists are disobeying rules, and on many schemes are prepared to adopt piecework in order to take home more money on pay night.

The change of view is being recognised by the wiser leaders; and Mr. Stranks, an organiser of the Amalgamated Union of Building Trade Workers, recently made an appeal, showing his common sense and far-sightedness, asking for a better understanding between the masters and men in the building trade, and proposing for discussion such matters as overtime and apprenticeship. Both questions involve many delicate and controversial matters. On payment by result, for example, it has been found necessary in many cases to give a minimum wage and after that a bonus on work done. But, given unselfishness and good feeling, the problems at issue are not insuperable.

It must be again emphasised that upon the human factor depends the success of any method of constructing houses, whether by brick, concrete, steel, or timber. No invention will permanently solve the problem of cottage building unless all who have to do the work, whether they be contractors, manufacturers of building materials, foremen, or craftsmen, are each prepared to do more and to quarrel less. This is the main fact of the situation. Sir Ernest Moir's Committee, now enquiring into new methods of construction, has issued a colourless interim report, obviously a compromise. But the evidence given to the Committee makes it clear that, above all, sufficient man-power and general good-will are the two keys needed to open the way to adequate housing.

American Glimpses

III.—Cleanliness and Hygiene

By William A. Robson

Life in the United States is noteworthy for the extraordinary care which is taken in the interests of hygiene. It is no doubt true that the continual inflow of immigrants of unclean personal habits from the East and South of Europe has made it necessary to protect the health of the public by stringent precautions against dirt and disease; but whatever the cause, it is a fact that in the East and West (though not in the South) America has achieved a unique standard of cleanliness.

You see it in every detail. In the cupless spouting water fountains; in the provision of clean towels, either of linen or paper, in an abundance unknown elsewhere, or of the most fascinating machines for drying your hands with a blast of hot air; in the quality of the milk, which is drunk in incredible quantities, and which is known to be the purest in the world; in the almost universal provision of wire gauze screens in front of windows and front doors to ward off the depredations of the deadly house fly; in the enormous penalties by which indiscriminate spitting is often penalised, amounting in the case of the subway in New York City to no less than five hundred dollars for each offence; in the spotless cleanliness of the washing basins on the trains; in the lavish provision of dazzling private bathrooms in hotel and home. House furniture is invariably made to stand clear of the floor, in contrast to the typical European article, such as a desk or a bookcase, which sits flat on the carpet and defies all efforts to dislodge the fluff and dust which accumulate underneath as the months roll by.

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Not only are Americans actually a clean nation (with certain exceptions), but they *look clean*, which is far more

remarkable. I think we are reasonably clean in England, but I doubt whether a visitor to London from one of the newer countries would get that impression as he looked at the new buildings in course of erection, and saw the stonework grey with soot even before the structure was complete. Such a miserable failure to deal with the smoke nuisance makes the Englishman's traditional cold bath seem a trifle—shall we say traditional? The gleaming whiteness of the buildings in New York strikes a keynote which is justified by the cleanliness of subsequent events—a consistency which is not to be found in Italy, for example.

One of the usual characteristics of the American home is the absence of the open hearth grate, burning soft coal, which is everywhere found in England, and which, we are told, costs the working-class families of Manchester a quarter of a million pounds each year in extra laundry bills. The adoption of central heating in the United States may be due partly to considerations of thermal efficiency, partly to economy, partly to the lack of domestic servants to do the dirty work which open fires necessitate; but the case in its favour, as against the open hearth, is overwhelming on the score of cleanliness alone. Personally, I prefer to sit in front of a blazing, inefficient fire rather than to be scientifically warmed by radiators or by gusts of hot air coming up through a hole in the floor. But I was badly brought up in that respect!

The Overland Mail to Baghdad

By Squadron-Leader A. G. N. Belfield

A FEW notes on the journey to Baghdad by the new Overland Mail route may not be without interest. This service has only been running for a few months, but so efficient has it proved itself that I think there is no doubt it has come to stay.

I embarked at Tilbury (P. and O.) on July 18th, and arrived at Port Said on the 30th. I left Port Said at 6 p.m. on the 30th and arrived at Kantara, on the Suez Canal, some three-quarters of an hour later. There I had to cross the Canal, in company with all other passengers for Palestine, Syria, Iraq, etc. The Customs authorities at Kantara are quite exceptionally conscientious and painstaking, but we eventually crossed over on a small ferry worked on chains—noisy and very slow—to the terminus of the Palestine Railway on the opposite shore.

Here we had to wait for about four hours, as our train did not leave till 11.30 p.m. This period of waiting was not as bad as it sounds, thanks entirely to the enterprise of an Englishman who has recently opened a new "hotel" in the desert, a quarter of a mile from the station. He has even gone so far as to get a full-size billiard-table—an extraordinary thing to find in such a place. About 10 p.m. I turned into my railway compartment, lay at full length on the seat and went to sleep. I did not book a "sleeper," although there were several on the train, as I had heard that one must share it with many fearsome beasts!

On waking at about 5 a.m. and looking out of the window, I was struck by the extraordinary barrenness of the country, at least to the eye. This was due, to a certain extent, to the fact that the harvesting was over. And yet, although I could see no vegetation of any kind, flocks of hundreds of sheep and goats were constantly met with. I wondered what on earth they could find to eat. I am

still wondering! The country we had passed through during the night had evidently been "desert" pure and simple, as my carriage looked as though it had been in the middle of a sand-storm.

I had a fair breakfast on the train, which for the last hour or so of the journey ran quite close to the sea, with large orange groves on the one side and the glorious blue of the Mediterranean on the other. I have rarely seen the Mediterranean such a beautiful colour as it was off this Palestine coast. We arrived at Haifa, the terminus of the Palestine Railway, at 9.30 a.m. on July 31st, and it is from this place that the new Overland Route to Baghdad commences.

In its conception and execution it is an entirely private concern, brought into being by the Nairn Transport Company, of Beirout. This company was started soon after the war by two brothers Nairn (Australians, I believe, of Scotch blood), and as drivers and mechanics they employed none but ex-officers who were on their beam-ends. To begin with—like most other motor companies—they sold cars on commission and ran the usual hire business. Then they became slightly more ambitious and commenced a regular motor service between Haifa and Beirut, a distance of one hundred miles. This they eventually abandoned, as they found it did not pay.

About a year ago one of the brothers Nairn conceived the idea of running a weekly service to Baghdad, *viâ* Damascus, straight through the Syrian desert, a distance of six hundred miles from Beirut. With this end in view, and with the aid of a Bedouin guide who knew every inch of the country, he made his first attempt with a small convoy of two cars. The extraordinary part of this achievement was that he found he was able to reach Baghdad at the first attempt with two heavy eight-cylinder cars, traversing 530 miles of absolutely uncharted country. Not a single yard of impassable ground was found; not one bridge had to be improvised. His main trouble was punctures caused by the "camel thorn."

After one or two such journeys backwards and forwards, a regular track was marked out by the wheels of the cars, the "camel thorn" was crushed out of existence, and tyre trouble ceased. As the drivers began to know

the track better and the track itself became more pronounced, it was found possible to drive by night as well as by day, and the time employed on the trip was perceptibly shortened on each successive journey.

Being at last satisfied with the standard of reliability attained, the Nairn Company tendered to deliver the mails, handed over to them at Haifa at 10 a.m. on Thursdays, at Baghdad on the following Saturday morning—*i.e.*, to carry them 700 miles across a country which possessed only about 110 miles of metalled road, in 48 hours. As well as mails, they agreed to take passengers at a charge of £35 a head for the journey between Beirut and Baghdad, and *vice versâ*. When it is considered that the only way of reaching Baghdad from England hitherto has been *viâ* Bombay and Basra (I do not count the air mail for passengers, as only one or two civilians at most could be carried in this way at £150 for the single journey), it will be realised that the Nairn Company has, in its way, added another page to the history of travel.

Their tender for the collection and delivery of the mails was accepted, a contract drawn up, the service between Haifa and Beirut re-started; and since the opening journey some six or eight months ago, the mails have been late on one occasion only, and that was during the rainy season, and was due to circumstances over which the company had no control. It is certainly a wonderfully efficient concern and is expanding by leaps and bounds, the number of passengers carried showing a steady increase. A convoy now often consists of eight or nine cars, instead of the original two.

To resume the account of the journey—at Haifa we were met by representatives of the Nairn Company with two cars, six-cylinder Buicks, and handed over to them all our baggage. There were only six passengers in all on this occasion—myself and two other officers, two Arabs and a Frenchman. The regulations of the company only allow 60 lb. of baggage per passenger (extra being chargeable at 2s. per lb.); but, in practice, we found that as long as there was room for the baggage in the cars, plenty of licence was allowed.

When the cars were ready they presented a wonderful sight. I have never in my life seen cars so loaded up.

It seemed incredible that, with such a load, they could get up any hill, however slight. It must be remembered that all the mails, as well as the personal baggage of six passengers (I, myself, had four boxes and a large valise), were all packed on to the two cars. Then we crowded in ourselves, and crawled out of the station for our 100 miles run to Beirut.

Almost as soon as we left the station we darted off across a piece of waste land covered with rocks, and slid down some appalling-looking banks, till we reached the sea-shore. There the driver ran the car down to the edge of the sea—one wheel often being in the water—got into second gear and proceeded to fly along at about forty miles per hour. The worse the surface the faster we flew at it, the driver knowing that if he once got stuck in deep sand he would never get out of it. For some twenty miles, as far as Accra, we proceeded thus—tearing along the sea-front, dodging the shells of enormous turtles which had died on the beach, taking the car over ground that only a madman (in England) would attempt.

When we reached Accra we got on to a track which—purely as a compliment, I imagine—the local inhabitants call a road; a dreadful track, with deep concealed pit-holes in the most unexpected places. We hardly fell foul of one, our Canadian driver (Yank Lewis, as he called himself) having an uncanny memory for them all. We kept up a speed of anything from 35 to 45 miles per hour over this ground, although in places there was only about a yard to spare on each side of the car and a drop of about ten feet on each side of the track.

Further on we came across a road-making party, consisting entirely of convict labour, guarded by native *gendarmerie* armed with rifles. They were working gradually southwards towards Haifa, so possibly, in a year or so, conditions for travel in those parts may be improved. Certainly we found the finished road, north of where they were working, a great improvement.

We passed on through Tyre, through the English and French posts, where our passports and baggage had to be examined, and on through Sidon. The road hugged the coast nearly the whole way, and in places very steep gradients were met with. It was interesting to see how

each village seemed to have its own distinct industry. We passed through an area of orange groves, with an occasional banana tree intermingled; then acres and acres of mulberry trees with silk factory buildings dotted here and there. Yet another locality gave itself up entirely to the manufacture of olive oil, and olive trees grew as far as the eye could see. These gave way to vineyards as we reached the wine-growing region.

Motoring in Palestine is a most nerve-racking proceeding, especially when mails are being carried and speed is essential. The road is covered with natives, all mounted on donkeys or mules, always on the wrong side of the road, and thirty per cent. of them apparently deaf. We cut in and out of them in a truly wonderful way, and had only one minor casualty—turning over a donkey and its rider with one back mudguard; but no harm was done other than to the rider's chance of going to a better land. His epithets followed us for miles!

At 4 p.m. we reached Beirut—having left Haifa at 10 a.m.—and went to an hotel. There we were told we could remain for one hour, when we should start off again in other cars for Damascus. This hour I employed in having my hair cut, a shave, and a shampoo; and I needed all three. The shampoo consisted of having a piece of primrose soap rubbed all over my head and then having it rubbed off again with a towel. I shone like a billiard ball.

At 5 p.m. the two new cars—even more heavily loaded than the others—drew up at the hotel for us. In addition to the mails and all our luggage, they had on board all the petrol, water, provisions, etc., for our journey across the desert. One was an eight-cylinder Cadillac, the other a new six-cylinder Buick, each driven by an ex-officer. As this week we were a small convoy, we carried a spare driver to relieve the others from time to time; but this is a luxury not often indulged in.

We left the hotel in Beirut at about 5.30 p.m. on the 31st bound for Damascus—a run of seventy miles. A small-gauge cog railway closely follows the road, but a train takes ten hours to complete the journey against three hours by motor car. I shall never forget this run—the first part of it, at any rate. The scenery was magnificent. We

had to climb up right over the top of the Lebanon mountains, an ascent of 5,300 feet in a distance of twenty-two miles. The road is one of the best in Syria; it would deserve the title of a second-class road in England, and the number of hairpin bends it contains is prodigious. The mountains on each side are thickly studded with Syrian villages and French summer resorts; and consequently there was a good deal of traffic to negotiate—American cars, one and all; Fords, Buicks, and Hudsons predominating. Once on the top of the Lebanon mountains we descended into the plain below—a plain some ten or fifteen miles broad which runs practically the whole length of the country. On the other side of this plain a second line of hills runs parallel to the Lebanon, Mount Hermon forming the highest point in this chain.

Before we reached these hills, on the far side of which lies Damascus, darkness fell. As we neared Damascus, in the environs of which city there is a considerable amount of irrigation, the change in the climate, hitherto hot and oppressive, was particularly noticeable. It suddenly seemed to become twenty degrees cooler, and one could literally smell the water. We arrived at the Hotel Victoria, Damascus, at 9 p.m., and as we had to start on our trans-desert journey at 8 a.m. on the following morning, we had a hurried meal and retired to bed. Having travelled all the previous night without getting out of my clothes, and having motored 170 miles that day through the dustiest of country, I was thoroughly tired and slept well.

I was up at 6 a.m. on Friday, and went for a stroll in the city, but, owing to the shortness of the time available, was unable to get as far as the bazaar. I was much impressed with the place; it seemed to me much cleaner and sweeter-smelling than either Haifa or Beirut, and I particularly noticed an absence of touts and guides, whom I had found a perfect plague from Port Said onwards.

That morning we found an extra passenger waiting to go on with us—no less a personage than the cinema operator attached to Major Leith-Forbes' expedition from London to Quetta by the famous car "Felix." We learnt from him that "Felix" had left Damascus the previous afternoon for Baghdad; the operator had remained behind intentionally so as to take some pictures of the Overland

Mail for the Pathé Gazette. He then wanted us to give him a lift until his own party was overtaken.

We left Damascus soon after 9 a.m. (having been delayed at the Passport Office for about an hour), and started on our never-to-be-forgotten dash across the desert. To start with we had to negotiate the bazaar—a wonderful sight, the stalls a blaze of oriental colour; the cobbled centre street was but little wider than the car itself and so packed with people (whose clothes, in themselves, all mingled together gave one the impression of a flower show) that they had to swarm into the little shops, donkeys and all, to let us pass.

The run from Damascus to the edge of the Syrian desert was thirteen miles. This was soon accomplished, and we then found ourselves with 500 odd miles of "nothing at all" in front of us! To form an idea of what the desert is like, imagine the familiar red tennis-courts neglected for a couple of years—small, stumpy bushes of camel-thorn growing one to a square yard, and small rocks of various sizes covering the whole. This is an almost exact description. The first fifty miles and the last hundred miles are the worst going. There the rocks are biggish, and it is necessary to pick one's way rather carefully. The rest of the way one can scorch, provided the driver knows the places where the track is bad; and our drivers seemed to know every inch of the whole route. Had they not, it would have been impossible for them to find their way in the dark as they did, as, in places, the track hardly showed up at all.

We found the sun very trying at first—it fairly scorched, and we had a very hot following wind behind us. As we plunged mile after mile into this arid waste, we could not help admiring the pluck and the vision of the men who had seen the possibilities of the route. It seemed incredible to me that cars, so loaded, could continue to function in such stifling heat—one would have expected them to overheat almost at once. True, the water in the radiators boiled; but the engines never once showed signs of distress. Over the better parts of the track we often reached a speed of eighty miles an hour, a travelling rate of between sixty and seventy miles per hour being common.

The mirages we saw were wonderful—extraordinary

freaks of nature. Time and time again we would have sworn that we were just approaching an enormous lake covered here and there with bushes and an occasional tree. We could almost see the duck! And yet, although this great expanse of water seemed only a couple of miles away, we never got any closer to it. It changed its form, it receded, it approached again—then, suddenly, it disappeared, only to give place to an even more enchanting lake on our other flank, always just in front of us and yet always out of reach.

Our driver told us that at about noon we should meet the return convoy of three cars from Baghdad, and that we should be able to see them a long way off by the columns of dust they raised. To enable our cinema operator to obtain a picture of their approach, we decided to stop as soon as we caught sight of them, so that he could get his camera ready. It was at 11.30 that we saw the cars approaching, and everything was carried out according to plan; but it was fortunately noticed just before the picture had been begun that the approaching cars were "pirate" Fords filled with natives! Thus is human nature the same all the world over; civilised and uncivilised are of the same kidney. No one thought of crossing the desert by car before the way was made easy and the track prepared by the Nairn Transport Company. But this done, "pirates" appeared and undercutting of prices commenced. It is true that the "pirates" chiefly obtain "native" custom (which the pioneer company do not particularly desire); also that they only run in the summer and disappear in the winter—like the mosquitoes. But the Nairn Company do object to having the track they made with so much difficulty cut up by these trespassers; and this they are powerless to prevent.

On discovering our mistake we resumed our way until the incoming convoy was sighted at 12.15 p.m., when the picture was duly taken. It should be a great success, as it was really rather a wonderful sight to see these cars travelling at sixty or seventy miles per hour across the desert. A stream of dust about a quarter of a mile long follows each car, which, seen from the front, looks as if it were heavily on fire. Having toasted each other in the accepted manner, each convoy proceeded on its way, the

radiators, both human and mechanical, having been filled. About 1.30, having completed 100 miles, we stopped for lunch, and it was then that a rather amusing incident happened. As we were preparing the meal, a party of about twelve Bedouins, all mounted on camels, appeared over a hill about a mile away. They spotted our stationary cars and immediately started to trot towards us. Seeing this, our drivers bundled the lunch back into the cars as quickly as possible, told us to climb in, started the engines and went on. Meanwhile, two of the Bedouins had detached themselves from the remainder and were heading for the track some way in front, in order to try to cut us off; but they were too far away, and soon gave it up. We went on for about eight or ten miles and again unpacked the lunch.

It was then that the drivers told us that, nine times out of ten, these small Bedouin columns wandering about in the desert were robbers, out to raid another tribe, or anybody or anything else they could find. Twice since the "Overland Mail" has started these Bedouin marauders have attempted to hold up the cars by getting across the track; and on both occasions they fired after them without doing any damage. On the second occasion the convoy was bound for Damascus, and on arrival reported the matter to the French police, who sent out four armoured cars post-haste, succeeded in locating the column, and took every man prisoner. They each got twelve months' imprisonment, their tribe was heavily fined, and there has been no trouble since.

From lunch-time onwards we did a practically non-stop run till about 9 p.m., when we halted for dinner with 330 miles to our credit. The further east we went the hotter it became, and we were very glad of the beer and large block of ice which we had had the foresight to bring with us. Our dinner interval lasted for about two hours. The drink question during actual running was easily arranged. A canvas bag, thoroughly wet outside and full of drinking water inside, hung over the side of the car. Inside this was a long indiarubber tube, one end being at the bottom of the bag, the other sufficiently long to reach all the passengers. The pace at which we travelled kept the water beautifully cool; and we all,

shaking the years from our shoulders, returned with a will to the bottle once again!

Our next stop was at about 1 a.m., when we overtook "Felix" (a standard Wolseley four-seater) and her crew of three. They were all bedded down for the night, on camp beds surrounding the car, but soon awoke at our approach. They have travelled some 4,600 miles since leaving London, and I must say they all looked remarkably fit and well. We remained with them for a quarter of an hour, during which period the usual bottles were opened and exchanged. We returned the cinema operator to the fold, and on we went.

The rising of the sun, which began at about 4.30 a.m., was a fine sight—the rigid line of desert on the horizon, and behind it this solid ball of fire creeping up to view. Why is it that the sun in the East, when it rises, looks at least four times the size of any English sun? By 6 a.m. we had reached Ramadi, an Arab village on the Euphrates, and only a further seventy miles remained to be done. But what a seventy miles, over dreadful native tracks of baked mud, with holes up to three feet deep every few yards! We crossed the Euphrates over a bridge of boats, and then had forty miles of really good going, which we did in forty minutes. Then the last fifteen miles into Baghdad were a counterpart to the first fifteen miles out of Ramadi; the average English motorist would not even have attempted to drive a car over such country. What this part of the track must be like in winter I cannot imagine.

At 9 a.m. we crossed over the Maude Bridge on the Tigris (again a bridge of boats) and drew up at the Maude Hotel, our journey ended—530 miles on an unmetalled track in twenty-three hours (Baghdad time being one hour in advance of Damascus time), and not even a puncture! When it is considered that, in the normal course of events, the same driver drives the car the whole way without relief—a solid stretch of twenty-four hours, once a week, winter and summer—it is a pretty good testimonial to the type of man employed. As hard as nails they are; and as hard as nails they and their cars have got to be.

It was an intensely interesting journey, providing experiences never to be forgotten.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The American Debt

"It don't seem fair to me," began Heddle. "The money we lent the Frenchies was as good as the money the Americans lent them. Why should the Yanks be paid before us? It ain't playing the game."

"It never is," replied Sergeant Murphy placidly. "But sure it's all our own fault. We failed to conduct the war on sthrict business lines, and business has taken its revinge. Hadn't we plinty of charthered accountants to dhraw up a business agreemint whereby we were credited in the books of our gallant Allies with our conthributions to the united war effort? So much for runnin' half a dozen campaigns be land, so much for houldin' the seas, so much for providin' nine-tinths of the thransport of food and munitions and throops and the important fellahs that wanted to visit the back of the front. And the war in the air and the propaganda—— Be the Holy! Heddle, wouldn't it be a divil of a bill?

"Instid we inthrusted the conduct of the war to statesmin and diplomatists and reformed conthractors with a soul above finance, with an occasional word of advice from a gineral or an admiral that happened to be about, and the results were a disgrace to a nation of shopkeepers, as somebody wanst called us.

"The Serbs want clothes. Tell Manchester to sind thim tin thousand bales. The Portuguese want gas masks. Put half a town on to making thim at wanst. The Russians are short of medicines and guns. Sind thim half of what we've got and start makin' more. The Italians have run out of thrawlers. Warn the Admiralty and see that some are on their way in three days. The Americans haven't enough shippin' to thransport their own throops nor enough armed vessels to convoy thim. Let them have all the ships that's available and post some T.B.D.'s from the Mediterranean. The Salonica and Egyptian routes

must take their chance. Annyhow, annywhere, annytime we've got to knock hell out of the Germans. All together, boys. That was the careless, exthravagant, unbusinesslike way of doin' things that brought manny an otherwise honest man into the millionaire class and made this counthry a laughin'-stock to the calmer, more far-seein' nations that remimbered that after every war comes the balance-sheet. Here our gallant frinds and Allies, the Americans, had the laugh on us. I'll give thim their due, Heddle. They'd no aisy job gettin' the nation to join in the war. In a mixed crowd it's hard to pick a choon that'll please everybody. And whin they did come in they did so with both feet.

"But behind the Doughboys was the army of charthered accountants with the words 'Sound Finance' tattooed in red ink on their foreheads above their horn spectacles.

"'Lind you money, Serbs, Greeks, Italians and other noble Allies whose national stock is below par in Wall Sthreet?' said they. 'It can't be done without sthrong collateral. There's not a postal business school in the U.S.A. but would raise hell if we did. Why not apply to Britain? She's used by now to lindin' millions on small security, whereas it 'ud take us years to thrain down to it. And if Britain's short, sure we'll lind it to her. All we want is to be sure that the security is ample, the rate of intherest atthractive, and that most of the money is spint with us. Don't worry about us. We'll make a profit on the deal. We're used to it be now.'

"Thin after the war, Heddle, Uncle Sam took businesslike precautions to see that the loans were repaid in the way he liked thim best. We borrowed in bully beef, and forage, and shells, and limbers, and the like. So Uncle Sam ran up a tariff wall as high as the Rocky Mountains so that the poor impoverished American manufacturer mightn't be throubled with European competition.

"'You can keep your goods, John Bull,' says he. 'I'm satisfied with pure refined gold. Sind me that and all's forgiven.' So now, Heddle, the Americans have half the gold of the whole wurruld, and are clamourin' like blazes for the other half."

"What are they going to do with all that there gold?" asked Heddle.

"The divil knows," replied Sergeant Murphy. "Maybe they're tired of that big stone statue of Liberty. A statue of gold in Washington might better interprit the national sintament."

Points of View

By Kenneth H. Ashley

The Caveman looked at the Forest
And knew that it was good:
Many kinds of trees grew there,
And each had different wood.

Oak, that was tough and would not yield,
With branches stiff and stub;
Ash that would rive and made good staves
For hunting spear or club.

Holly, milk-white and bitter-hard,
That keenest edge would turn;
Willow one could twist like rope;
Pine that was good to burn.

Elder and hawthorn, bending yew,
Frow elm and dark-grained beech:
Every kind of tree he knew
And had a use for each——

The Caveman looked at the Forest
And knew what harboured there;
What fowls and beasts were good to eat,
Or had skins good to wear.

He knew each furred and feathered thing
That still in greenwood goes,
And mammoths and great hornèd beasts
That earth no longer knows——

The Caveman looked at the Forest
And trembled as he stood:
For gods and demons moved within
The dim mysterious wood:

God of tall tree and god of brake,
God of bush and brier:
The Caveman knew and feared them all
And shivered by his fire——

The Caveman looked at the Forest
Mysterious dim and high—
And many uncouth things he saw:
But naught so queer as I.

As I, who at the Forest
Gaze hard, nor see the wood:
I see the Caveman by his cave,
I stand where once he stood.

I see the Caveman by his cave,
Finding his soul in prayer—
I see the Caveman by his cave,
Who never saw me there.

I see the Caveman by his cave,
I see the years between:
The dim mysterious teeming years
Where always Man has been.

I see the Caveman by his cave
As at the wood he peers:
I see the devils and the gods
Of twice ten thousand years——

A dazed bewildered thing I stand
Confused by memories—
Who scarcely can tell oak from ash,
Nor see the wood—for trees.

Old Friends at Yule

By Wilfrid Thorley

When twigs are bare of leafage
And tap upon the pane,
Sigh " Summer's gone
And left us lone,
But she will come again."
When life is bare of friendship
And roads are hard with rime,
Sigh " Winter's fell,
But we are well,
Remembering old time."

For we have had our summer
And friendship, you and I,
Though there be few
Among the new
As dear as those gone by.
For we have reaped our harvest
And we have stored our grain.
So sigh " Good hap
Befall the sap
Within our souls again ! "

Aye, we through all our being
Have known Life is not ill;
Beyond our sense
Omnipotence
Hath shapen us with skill.
And though the years before us
Be fewer than behind,
We'll sigh, we twain,
And bring again
Dead summers into mind.

Bobbed Hair and Bulldogs

A Village Sketch

By J. Fairfax-Blakeborough, M.C.

MANY of us at Carthorne have recently felt pretty much the same as old Betty at the village shop. She announced to the ladies, who morning by morning congregate behind her counter amid mixed odours of yeast, pepper and mint-bullets, that she "couldn't keep pace *with*, nor count *of*, sich goings on." I repeat that has been the position of many of us. We are accustomed at Carthorne to the ever-recurring question: "What do *you* think of it?" but we are also accustomed to knowing precisely to what new local excitement the interrogation refers. It is impossible to live the Carthorne life without being intimate with every departure from the orthodox rut on the part of our neighbours. However much we may desire to dissociate ourselves from the gossip and discussion of such incidents, we are faced at every turn with "What do *you* think of it?" and bridled must be our tongues, guarded our manners, evasive our expressions of opinion, if we would avoid being quoted (with additions and embroideries), and offence thus unintentionally given.

Recently, however, it has been quite impossible to locate exactly to which local sensation reference is made when we have been asked, "What do *you* think of it?" We have had a perfect turmoil of "strange happenings," or "upsetments," as Elizabeth Leckonby terms these occasions for public discussion and excitement. Selina Raby, daughter of Rachel Raby, has returned from a visit to her aunt with her hair "bobbed"; the vicar has launched a bulldog in our midst—so far as can be gathered, for the term of its natural life; and Thomas Rickaby has put in the banns of marriage with Hannah May Metcalfe ("unbeknownt" even to his or her kith and kin). Amid such

a plethora of excitement can one wonder at old Betty's inability to keep pace with local happenings, or our individual incapacity for sorting out to which of them reference is made when we are asked, "What do *you* think of it?"

It was Selina who first set the Carthorne ladies agog and a-gossiping. She arrived by the two train, and Mary Thompson, who was standing sentinel at her window, according to usual custom, "thowt there was summat different somehoo," but never imagined that Selina would "go sa far as ti gan in for being bobbed." She was suspicious, however, and made it her business to "slip up to Rachel Raby's" under the pretext of asking if the insurance agent had come in with the train. Then she saw for herself—indeed, she arrived in the midst of Rachel's condemnation of her daughter's action—that Selina had indeed fallen a victim to town folly and fashion, and that she had left behind her the greater part of her hair.

Mary Thompson made no remark to the Rabys—she didn't even appear as though she had noticed the change in Selina; her question answered regarding the insurance agent, she hurried over to the shop, leaned over the counter as though to embrace old Betty, and whispered in her ear: "Selina Raby's landed back BOBBED!" Then she stepped back, nodding vigorously to confirm her dramatic announcement, so that she might see its full effect upon Betty. It was some time, however, before Betty grasped the full import of Mrs. Thompson's mysteriously whispered announcement; but when at last it *did* dawn upon her, she threw up her hands and said:

"Whativver *will* her poor mother say tiv her? . . . As though she hasn't had plenty o' trouble in her life without Selina goin' an' doin' a trick like that there. It's good enought to send Rachel grey-headed to the grave. . . . There's no telling what lasses *will* do nowadays, but I *did* think Selina was more sensibiller an' more respectabeller than to go in for a thing like that there."

"I've just come over from Rachel's now," broke in Mary Thompson, "an' she was playing the band proper, and giving Selina the length of her tongue. Of course, it was no business of mine in no way, and not bein' a

person what Nosey-Parker's the'rselves into other folk's affairs, I said nowt in noway but came out. Howsumdever, I thought I'd just pop in to let you know, as you might get a shock if Selina dropped in sudden, so to speak, as a body might term it, an' you knew nothink of what had happened."

It is an axiom at Carthorne that there is no need for a bellman or hand-bills if Mary Thompson is "in the know." So was it in the case of Selina's bobbed hair. In any case, the secret must soon have been out; but, flushed with her first-hand information, Mary Thompson called on her cronies all the way down the village street and made them acquainted with "the latest." . . . "Not he say and she say, mind you" (she said), "for seeing is believing, an' I've seen wi' me own eyes, which it was a pain to me to do so. Little did I think sich sin an' pride, such ingustin' conduck an' disobedience of the Scripters, would ever be found in one what's a Carthorne native, bred an' born."

Poor Selina, who had somewhat reluctantly taken her aunt's advice to counteract the increasing "thinness" of her hair, little knew the coals of fire she was heaping upon her bobbed head by having most of her hair removed from it. She had prophesied to her aunt that "the old cats at home" would have "a bonny lot to say," and had even made particular mention of Mrs. Thompson in this connection. "*Let* 'em talk—give 'em something to talk aboot," replied her aunt; "an' if yer mother says anything, tell her it was me what made you go to the hair specialist for your own good."

Of course, these facts were unknown to the Carthorne gossips, who canvassed Selina's hair, her wicked pride, and her flaunting of Holy Writ, for three days and three nights. They were at no pains to disguise their curiosity both in church and on the way up the village afterwards; indeed, they did everything but lift her hat from off her head. The bobbing of Selina would have served longer as a Carthorne topic had not "Billy" arrived at the vicarage; but "Billy," the bulldog, entirely eclipsed Selina, the "bobbed."

Curiously enough, "Billy" also arrived by the two train—earlier, one gathered, than was expected. George

Henry Plows, who had been to the station with his cart for a box for Lizzie Leckonby (contents as yet unknown, to the vexation of the curious at Carthorne), had to pass the vicarage on his way to Elizabeth's, and, seeing the parson in his garden, he gave a tug to the peak of his cap and called out:

"There's summat comed for you with this train!"

"Have you brought it up, then, George Henry?" asked the vicar, feeling in his pocket for the carrier's fee.

"Not likely!" replied the old man. . . . "It's summat wick! (alive). . . . A great savage, ugly, snuffling, blear-eyed bulldog! It has a muzzle on, but I wouldn't fetch it i' my cart—no, not for no money! There's sich a thing as a muzzle comin' off, an' then where should *I* be with a great ravenous, rampageous brewt like that there? I can tell you this, sir, they're none over setten up with the dog at the station, an' the sooner you get it fetched away an' the better they'll be pleased."

Without further parley the vicar mounted his bicycle and rode off to the station for the prematurely arrived "Billy." In the meantime George Henry told Elizabeth Leckonby that there was "a savage, rampageous bulldog comed for the parson," and that it had "put the fear of God into all them what had seen it at the station, where it was tied up tiv a lamp-posst ready to worry the fosst yan that went onnywheres near it." Lizzie straightway imparted the news to Annie Rickitson, as that lady was on her way, pail in hand, to the pump. At this recognised place of dissemination of Carthorne gossip, Annie "fell in" with Mary Thompson (deeply curious as to what Plows had delivered at Miss Leckonby's and more anxious to learn the contents of the box than to obtain water from the pump). Annie announced the coming arrival of the bulldog—true, she described it as "a wild bull-hound," but let that pass—and, by the time the parson arrived at the end of our long village street with "Billy," trotting very slowly with his chain at full length, behind the bicycle, half Carthorne knew of his coming and were at their several doors and windows to see for themselves what manner of beast was being brought amongst us. From this moment Selina's "bobbed" hair took a secondary

place in our discussions—a back seat in matters of moment in our midst.

So soon as she had seen for herself that it actually *was* a bulldog the vicar was leading "as unconcerned as nowt," Mary Thompson lost no time in expressing in unequivocal terms her "sapperise" and disgust that a minister of the Gospel should "have sunken so low as to fetch yan of them ketty, bandy-legged, hunsociable, fearsome lookin' brewts inti this parish. . . . It's a scannell," she continued, "a degradin', ingustin' scannell, which the Bishop owt to know about. No one what draws pay from the chetch of Ingerland—I says nothink about other chetches—an' what knows his high callin', his duty to God an' to his nybor, or his proper station, would be seen in the company of such a beast. A pot-hawker's 'snack-dog' might be thowt undecent for a parson to take up with . . . but a bulldog is positively wulgar an' hobscene—an abomination afore the Lord, an aggriwation to God an' mammon! As a chetch councillor I shall make it my business to objeck to sich a hanimal bein' given house-room at Carthorne vicarage! I feels it my duty so to do, however hunpleasant that duty may be!"

Old Betty also caught a passing glimpse of "Billy," as he ambled along in the rear of the parson's cycle, and at once vowed that she would never cross her door-step again "if that there creetur is to be allowed to run loose. . . . It's enough to send badly folks into the 'styrricks," she said, "an' I'm sure the school bairns won't be safe with a feerocious hanimal like that roamin' about seeking whom it may devoor."

"Billy" is the first bulldog we have ever had amongst us at Carthorne. Of sheepdogs, foxhound-puppies and terriers one may find half a score or more any hour of the day on the village green; indeed, not infrequently one hears the remark: "Yan would wonder where all t'dogs comes from." These, however, are counted as "respectable" members of the canine species—dogs with a mission in life. Moreover, they are an integral part of the tradition, picturesqueness and character of the village, and boast a long lineage of Carthorne dogs which for generations have disported themselves on the selfsame green. A bulldog, however, is a new departure, a statusless inno-

vation, and was considered as much more than a breach of good taste. Carthorne was almost unanimous in looking upon it as a pariah, an outcast, an alien, and a menace to the safety of life and limb both of the inhabitants, their dogs and live-stock. The flock used no restraint in telling their shepherd their views on his depraved canine tastes and their indignation at his importation. Tom, the roadman, who has all his life bred game working terriers and is counted *the* local authority on dogs generally, was one of the first to whom the vicar appealed for his views on "Billy."

"Why noo, you've asked for it," replied Tom after slowly adjusting his spectacles to examine "Billy" critically at close quarters, "so you must have it. We've talked the matter over at the public an' we're all in one mind that the sooner you get rid of a brute like that there an' the better it'll be for you an' everybody else. The old women can't sleep at nights for thinking about it; they daren't let their bairns out to play in the village street for fear it's roamin' about lowse; an' they *do* say that Tilly Robinson's been taking one fit after another ever since she oppened her door when you called to see how she was, an' saw that there dog on the step starin' into her face. Now it's very right an' proper that a parson should have a dog to gan about with him; no one's agen that in any shape or form. . . . But it should be a Christian dog, an' not one to make the days of the aged an' ailin' a misery, an' their nights a norrer."

In vain the vicar assured folk that "Billy" was one of the most harmless, docile, affectionate creatures imaginable. The blacksmith was considered to have made the prize retort to this vindication, and it became a popular description of "Billy" throughout the village.

"Oh, yes!" replied the smith, "he *looks* hamiable wi' them greeat stallion rhinoscerous teeth of his—about as hamiable as a hangry halligator!"

The bulldog ferment reached its height at the end of the week when it was seen to accompany its reverend master to the early morning service at church. But this was not all. "Billy" was admitted to the vestry and allowed to lie under the table there. . . . Was there ever such sacrilege? Mrs. Thompson was not considered to be

too severe in her simile when she inferred it was symbolical of the devil entering in amongst them. Had the vicar taken leave of his senses? Had he lost all sense of proportion, decency, law and order? Carthorne tongues wagged and heads shook over the breakfast table that Sunday morning before the next service, and there were not a few who decided that if "Billy" went to church for half-past ten Matins, then they stayed at home. "You'll see there'll be summat ti do," said these cautious ones. "That dog'll dash oot amang us and click ho'd o' somebody, or rive some o' t'choir lads limb fra limb when they git tiv a pertitler high note." To be quite frank, Carthorne was scandalised, shocked, horrified, and possibly just a little afraid. It was felt that even if "Billy" was an absentee from the next service the church would have to be exorcised, that there would be a flutter in high ecclesiastical dovecotes "if the Rewril Dean or Harchdeacon, or some o' them there big men, got ti know about sike a carryin' on."

As, however, the "bobbing" of Selina's hair had been overshadowed by the arrival of "Billy," so when the bulldog ferment was at its zenith another eclipse occurred in the Carthorne firmament which placed "Billy" entirely in the background.

At the appropriate place during the course of Matins the vicar produced the banns book and caused a new sensation by "calling out" Thomas Rickaby and Hannah May Metcalfe "for the first time of asking." No one had ears or thoughts for anything else during the remainder of the service. The electricity which had been in the air when the congregation earlier in the morning knew that "Billy"—the "ravenous, rampageous bulldog"—was in the vestry hard by, was as nothing to that caused by the springing of Thomas and Hannah May's banns upon us. None of us had even dreamed of such a thing. The usual whisperers, who claim to know the most intimate privacies and state of the hearts of all and sundry in the parish, had not by the most veiled innuendo coupled these names together—no, not even by hint or head-shake! It was a blow to their pride. There were telepathic glances of surprise—indeed, the whole congregation was what in Carthorne terminology is known as "stagnated." Thomas

and Hannah May were silently condemned for their "nasty, close, secret ways" before ever the matter could be discussed in the churchyard or by excited little groups proceeding up the village street. "Billy," the bulldog, might have sat in the pulpit, Selina might have had her head completely shaved and the bare scalp dyed bright green—both were now out of the limelight, which was focussed full upon Thomas and Hannah May. Mary Thompson considered it "anythink but respectable" to spring such a thing on us without a word of warning, though she half-hinted that she was not altogether surprised—"*she* knew something if she liked to speak out."

Carthorne folk are now piecing together threads of evidence which go to support anything in the nature of a courtship between the said Thomas and Hannah, and though some have decided that "they might have tummelled to it," there was a general feeling that the twain have stolen a march upon us all and been "too squat and underneath about it for owt."

And yet there are many who imagine that country life is dull and eventless! That, in our isolation and insularity, we have no excitement, and go steadily, monotonously and phlegmatically on from year to year in the same well-worn rut with never anything in the nature of ever so mild a volcano to occasion a deviation or add a little variety! . . . Volcano! Why, Carthorne in one week has had at least three craters in full activity, and there are probably as many more ready to burst out at a moment's notice.

Such Stuff as Dreams are Made of

By Horace Shipp

The Russian Ballet. (Coliseum.)
La Chauve Souris. (Strand Theatre.)
Hannele and *The Chester Nativity Play.* (Old Vic.)
The Dance of Life by Hermon Ould. (York Little Theatre.)

WAS it chance or the all-conquering spirit of Christmas which took me to the theatre no fewer than four times recently to see something outside the naturalistic tradition? Something of both, maybe, for although in three instances at least there seems no evidence that the season had anything to do with the production, it may happen that there are definite times when our enthusiasm for the stage depiction of matrimonial tangles and other people's infidelities and criminal propensities wanes. Freed thus from realism as the theatre has it, we find ourselves in realms of *naïveté*, of make-believe, and of poetry. I think we find the theatre taking on a greater significance because it is dealing with truth rather than with facts, and because it is more concerned with beauty than with holding the mirror up to nature.

It comes again as a surprise that the Russians understand these things so well. When first the Russian Ballet came to Western Europe we knew that a new planet had swum into our theatrical ken. There were various reasons to account for its perfection. For it was nothing less than perfect. It seemed that, for the first time, all the component elements of the art of the theatre had come together. Exquisite dancers, splendid music, great decorative artists and costume designers interpreted the stories and evolved the ballets. We saw that balance of the parts which we had hoped for; we were brought face to face with technical achievement which was little short of

marvellous; we realised what result might be achieved in the theatre endowed as the Imperial Ballet had been endowed in the old days in Russia, so that years of working together should guarantee perfection of understanding and *ensemble*.

But the Russians brought something more than that even. They brought that belief in make-believe which is the vitalising spirit of their great art. With our overweening faith in star performers we acclaimed the premiers as being the soul of the ballet; now the names we worshipped—Nijinsky and Karsavina, Adolph Bohm, Feodorova, and the others—are no longer working with Diaghileff. But the Ballet continues, and in the precious fifteen minutes in the desert of the Coliseum programme one does not doubt that its beauty is undiminished.

Again as we watch *La Chauve Souris* the same truth is forced home. These people *believe* in the work they are doing—believe in it enough to get the first-rate people to subserve it artistically. It is interesting to remember that *La Chauve Souris* came into being as an offshoot of the Moscow Arts Theatre; that this exquisite art was the private amusement of the actors of that theatre when their stage work accorded them a little leisure. Again we find the care of details, the synthesis of the parts of each item of their programme, the perfect fit and balance of the whole entertainment welded together by the genius of Balieff, the brilliance of technique in every direction, the mustering of first-rate artists, musicians and performers. And again we find that mastering spirit of belief in the art of the theatre, and with it an understanding of the psychology of the audience which does not allow any interstices through which the attention can possibly slip from the work of art they are presenting.

Wherever in England a theatre is really successful one finds something of this spirit and of this understanding. Success in the theatre comes from a belief in the theatre and the work in hand. One cannot but realise that the success of the Old Vic., its steady advance to a place of foremost importance, in spite of difficulties almost insurmountable, has come about as the result of just such a faith. They *believe* in Shakespeare and classical opera for the people; they have faith in their audience needing

this fare, and they give it to them with all the artistry at their command.

The exaltation of their purpose influences their choice of play, and on every occasion when they have strayed from their appointed path as the purveyors of the English classics it has been to present a piece of the world's dramatic art which no manager with an eye solely to his box office receipts would dare touch. Paradoxically I believe it to be true that these excursions invariably pay their way, but even if they did not the honour of the English theatre demands that somehow they should be made. Their Christmas bill of Gerhardt Hauptmann's *Hannele* and the lovely old *Chester Play of the Shepherds* are each in their own way specifically the Old Vic.'s business. Asking of the audience and of the performers a spirit entirely different from the theatre-going mood which operates in the regions around Piccadilly Circus, they are at once entertainment and exaltation. Theatrically they interest us because of the problem of production which has been solved. Hauptmann's play is a curious interweaving of real life and the dreams of heaven which pass in the mind of the dying girl. It has to be conceived, therefore, partly as a realistic interior of the Pauper's Refuge where she lies, partly as the sentimental Christmas-card heaven of her imagination, with its heavily-winged angels and conventional Christ inextricably mixed with ideas of having crystal shoes and meat three times a day. If I confess that I found its lack of dramatic conflict causing it to pall a little, and that I could not adjust my mind to its outlook, the admission is one of the failure of my own mood and of that over-sophistication which removes us so far—too far it may be—from such *naïveté*. The Old Vic. had done its part of the work wonderfully. And in the case of the old *Chester Nativity Play* the artistry of the production was compelling, no matter how little one was in sympathy with the easy beliefs of the play.

The inclusion of Hermon Ould's *The Dance of Life* in this article is one of spiritual affinity. Something entirely other than the pure art of the Russians or the almost spiritual urge of the Old Vic., it nevertheless, as play and production, had links with both. It fascinated me that Mr. Priestly-Mitchell's York Little Theatre group,

working under difficulties which would daunt the stoutest-hearted London producer, should effectively stage for the first time this drama with its exacting technique. It fascinated me even more that these amateur players, lacking in some instances any stage experience whatever, should act convincingly parts which would be no easy task for West-End professionals. Like Hauptmann's play, *The Dance of Life* is a commingling of the reality of life and the reality of the mind; its nine scenes are partly conceived as dramatic realism and partly as subjective expression. The crises in the normal action are carried over into the realms of mind, and the characters, with their clashing and moulding personalities, continue there the action of the play. Critics, when the play appeared in book form, argued that the mixture of real and unreal could not prove possible on the stage, and it needed a Community Group who had belief in the play and the faith that moves mountains to show that to those who have courage and enthusiasm all things are possible.

Its first production at York, and again at a Community Theatre at Sheffield, is of interest in the English theatre because it reveals the service which such theatres can be in real pioneer work. This play is one of the first by an English dramatist to reveal the influences working so widely in Continental drama. That it should be introduced to our stage by these excellent amateur groups, goes far to remove from the whole movement the charge made against it of trailing inadequately behind the professional theatre.

In all these plays—the old Nativity, the modern dream play, the Russian Ballet, the Russian Cabaret, the new-form problem play—there is that expansion of theatrical forms beyond the narrow naturalism to which we have become almost enslaved. Each at first glance points a new way, yet all are one in the wide catholicity of that theatricalism which demands two primary qualities for its success, artistry and sincerity.

Decay of American Civilisation

By A. H. Douglas-Hamilton

Democracy and Leadership,* the present work of Professor Irving Babbitt, is an investigation of the "modern movement" in respect of its *naturalistic trend* which, originating indeed so far back as the Renaissance, attained in the eighteenth century its decisive triumph over tradition.

Thus it was, and is, no otiose theory, but a deliberate and concrete attack on the old world.

The aim of the author is to explore and ascertain the deeper implications of this movement. He denies emphatically that these are economic; and finds them in the region of ideas and human passions as propounded by Rousseau, whom he identifies as "the most eminent of those who have attacked civilisation."

As the most eminent defender of the same, the author selects Burke, and expounds elaborately his views, to which he himself heartily subscribes. "It is hard," he agrees,

> not to conceive of liberty in Burke's fashion—namely, as a nice adjustment between the taking on of inner control and the throwing off of outer control. Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere, and the less there is of it within, the more there must be without. This adjustment between inner and outer control, which concerns primarily the individual, is thus seen to determine at last the degree to which any community is capable of political liberty.

The author regretfully admits, however, that Burke's arguments are in our day no longer effective; and comes to the decision that

> if a true liberalism is to be successfully defended under present circumstances, it will not be altogether by Burke's method. The battle for prejudice and prescription and a "wisdom above reflection" has already been lost.

But before devising a new method of appeal (which the author holds up until later), it will, he says, be necessary to survey the present stage of the movement. This,

* Constable & Co. 15s. net.

then, he proceeds to do in regard to what he sees in America.

The contest between the doctrines of Burke and Rousseau in Europe is repeated in America under the leadership of Washington, Marshall and Lincoln on the one side, and Jefferson, Whitman and Woodrow Wilson on the other; the former standing for the great Unionist tradition of liberty as opposed to

> the liberty of the Jeffersonian which makes against ethical union, like every liberty that rests on the assertion of abstract rights. . . . The man who has grasped the full import of the conflict between the liberty of the Unionist and that of the Jeffersonian has been put in possession of the key that unlocks American history.

It is the Jeffersonian liberty, however, which has prevailed and now rules in America.

Quantitatively, says the author, America is impressive: qualitatively it lacks standards, so that life becomes vulgar and trivial with the prospect of "producing in the name of democracy the most trifling brand of the human species the world has yet seen." Individuals live in pursuit of a "good time" and melodramatic thrills.

The author notes separately the working of this "liberty" (1) in the thought and private conduct of the individual, and (2) in the character of the legislation he promotes. Under the first head he observes:—

> Our daily Press is given over to the most childish sensationalism. The American reading his Sunday paper in a state of lazy collapse is the most perfect symbol of the triumph of quantity over quality that the world has yet seen. . . . Everywhere are found great urban masses that seem to be increasingly careless of ethical standards.

Under the head of legislation, the author says that our present drift away from constitutional freedom can be understood only with reference to the progressive crumbling of traditional standards, developing a national temper whereby a Puritanic Christianity has given way to a meddling humanitarianism where "sympathy for the underdog is made a substitute for all the other virtues." The "uplifter" or "forward-looker" "does not ask whether the underdog that he takes to be a victim of the social order is not rather a victim of his own misconduct." The prevalent "orgy of humanitarian legalism" also takes the harsher form of a crusading moral coercion.

> We are being gradually deprived of our liberties on the ground that the sacrifice is necessary to the good of society. . . . The basis on which the whole structure of the new ethic has been reared is the assumption that the significant struggle between good and evil is not in the individual but in society.

The thesis of Professor Babbitt is the exact opposite of this. The ethic he defends is that where the struggle lies in the "inner control" of the man himself, by the application of proper standards—the type of a sound, as contrasted with an unsound, individualism. But what are the standards that should guide the inner control? Here, in the face of this tremendous problem, the author halts. "To have standards," he says, "means that one must discipline one's feelings to some ethical centre." What ethical centre?

If Professor Babbitt has left unsolved the remedial problem of the world, he has at least diagnosed the existing disease in America; and this should interest Englishmen who remember the dictum of an American ambassador: "A visit to the United States is a glimpse into the future of England."

Admiration and thanks are due to our author for the extraordinary candour and courage with which he faces most painful facts, as when he writes on the wall for a warning:—

> The latter stages of the naturalistic dissolution of civilisation with which we are menaced are likely to be marked by incidents of almost inconceivable horror.

As mentioned above, the author will not allow any economic character to the naturalistic humanitarianism he describes. Doubtless he is right as regards America. But in England the movement is almost entirely economic, with little of the "prohibition" variety. Through Parliament every succeeding year, without arrest or regress, the taxes are increased by and for the benefit of those who do not pay them.

Professor Babbitt will probably agree that if—what is quite likely—these two forms of naturalism (moral and economic humanitarianism) should come to be combined, decay will advance with greater speed.

Books.

FICTION.

STRIVING FIRE. By GERALD CUMBERLAND. Grant Richards. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

Striving Fire would seem to be the creative genius in man and in woman which replenishes the earth and subdues it. Anyway, Mr. Cumberland's men, in this novel, are out for self-expression in the arts, whilst his women who attain to happiness only do so by having babies. This is a crude analysis of the extremely interesting set of circumstances, close-packed with idea and incident, which makes the story. Deryk Spain, a natural artist, takes up the burden of his dying father's failing Manchester warehouse from a sense of filial and family duty; he marries the lady typist, as competent in business as he is the reverse; their views on honesty diverge, and she despises his scrupulosity and good form. Deryk's sister, Margaret, marries an amiable tame cat whose civility revolts her. The neurotic stepmother is a study in sex repression of remarkable power; with her the "striving fire" strives in vain and leads to suicide; but, for the younger generation, fulfilment eventually comes. Needless to say that Mr. Cumberland has surrounded this motif with honest circumstance, and has given to the Spain family a dynastic authenticity rarely realised in a single book; so, whatever one may think of the theme, its development makes a compelling story.

LEVEL CROSSINGS. By SIR COLERIDGE KENNARD. Grant Richards. 7*s.* 6*d.*

A GOOD many of these significant sketches from life are Swedish in setting, with much of the singular charm of Scandinavian literature, not only because of their familiarity with unfamiliar things, material and spiritual, but because some tang of the racial quality—which is not quite cynicism, nor exactly sadness—informs their keen actuality. The longer fragments, such as "Luck" and "Two People in Love," prove that when Sir Coleridge gives himself room to turn in, he can write with extraordinary penetration as well as with picturesque suggestion. The latter of these two pieces is a delightful idyll of a boy, a girl, and a boat, with enough northland morgue to make it intellectually subtle as well as brave with the sea breeze and youth. "Luck" is the story of a little chorus girl—a tale of adventures of the dressing-room and stage door—done with disinterested touches of swift actuality, with an undertone of growing disillusion, and, for once, a climax. The short impressions are too economical to be quite comfortable reading. The vibrating discords of sex relationships are the motives of most of these brilliant studies and caustic sketches, the fruits of long and wide experiences at home and abroad. It is not often that the man who has seen and known so much has a gift of communication so exquisitely assured and penetrating as that which these pages reveal.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF. By LOUIS HÉMON. Macmillan. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

MONSIEUR HÉMON set himself a task at which most English writers would boggle—the East End of London as a background, and the soul of a wild Irishman as drama. One could scarcely devise a more exacting test than this combination, in which the author of *Maria Chapdelaine* moves with extraordinary assurance and certainty. Mike O'Brady's leisure from his Thames-side work makes him free of the strange activities of this singular region, where, with smouldering hatred in his elemental soul, he meets with red-hot Socialism, which for a time assuages his oppugnant zeal, until he discovers that it begins and ends in words; then the tepid benevolences of a religious institution give him a new hope, because in this environment he comes into contact with the charm of sympathetic high-bred beauty. The sex motive is always at the back of his searchings without his being aware of its compulsion, and in the end, in one splendid orgy of accumulated indignation, he wreaks his vengeance upon his chosen figure of oppression. The contacts of this dark and lonely soul with Jewish fatalism, academic revolution, snobbish religiosity, and crude tyranny; his struggle for light and love, and the savage grandeur of his apotheosis, give a penetrating glimpse into the sombre fineness of the elemental Celt in arrestingly realistic surroundings, for as a picture of the world beyond Aldgate pump alone this book would be remarkable; as it is, it is a fine, artistic achievement.

THE DAY'S JOURNEY. By W. B. MAXWELL. Thornton Butterworth. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

MR. MAXWELL'S two old boys who squabble to the point of indecency over their golf, and yet love one another passing the love of woman, are turned from figures of fun into singularly pleasing personalities by the story of their antecedents, from their first friendship at school, through confirmed bachelorhood, the incidence of a rivalry in love, and through the troubled sea of matrimony (in which incompatible wives for a time break their fellowship), to a renewal of their comradeship in the war, in which, both over age, they wangled participation. The wives and the strained relations of the two establishments are done with keen actuality, whilst the little war pictures, for which Mr. Maxwell quite unnecessarily apologises, are vividly and poignantly touched in. There is a pleasing humanism in the illumination of these inseparable old pals which gives purpose to a capitally told story.

INTRODUCTION TO THE LADIES. By ARNOLD PALMER. Grant Richards. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

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The Problem of Imperial Federation

By

F. A. W. Gisborne

On page 129.

Empire Notes

Stabilised Preference

Now that there is every prospect of the Preference resolutions of the Imperial Economic Conference of 1923 being given effect, with such revision as may be necessary as the result of the reductions in the duties on sugar and dried fruit made by Mr. Snowden, it is desirable that attention should be directed to the need for stabilising all preferences accorded to overseas produce. This need was recognised by the Economic Conference in the case of sugar, and the British Government then in power met it by proposing to stabilise the preference on sugar for a period of ten years. It was typical of the national weakness in logic that one commodity should have been singled out for special treatment on these lines, since the arguments in favour of stabilising preferences apply almost equally well to others.

It is true that the production of sugar requires very costly machinery, and for this reason stabilisation is essential if fresh capital is to be invested in sugar growing in the British Empire. But in the case of tree fruit, whether fresh, dried or canned, five or six years must elapse between the planting of the trees and the gathering of the first crop, so that without some security as to the continuance of any preference that may be given, there is little inducement to increase production. It is urged in some quarters that the stabilisation of duties or preferences for a period of years would be an illegitimate attempt to bind future Parliaments, and an undesirable interference with the powers of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Yet in the case of trade agreements with foreign countries these are usually made for a definite number of years, and the recent commercial agreement between Canada and Australia embodies such an arrangement. It is also contended by some that the British Government cannot make a treaty with a Dominion or Dominions, since in that case the King would be making an agreement with himself, but this contention also is not supported by facts, since the treaty with the Irish Free State is an example to the contrary. The sensible policy in the matter of Preference would seem to be to endeavour to stabilise any preferences now accorded to Britain by the Dominions and those to be accorded by the Dominions and Colonies to Britain in a definite commercial agreement for a period of not less than ten years. Without stabilisation most of the value of Preference as a stimulus to increased production in the British Empire of the products affected is removed, since so long as the preferences only exist on a Budget to Budget basis, without any guarantee against withdrawal or reduction, the security which is essential to the investment of capital in new production is lacking. It is in this direction that the explanation of the small effect of such preferences as have been given by this country since 1919 in stimulating Empire production of the commodities affected must be sought.

The King's Speech duly announced that work on the Singapore base is to be resumed. This is satisfactory so far as it goes, and the announcement of the completion of

arrangements for the formation of the first unit of a New Zealand Division of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, to be recruited mainly from yachtsmen possessing sea experience, is also to be welcomed. Speaking at a luncheon in his honour given by the Australian and New Zealand Luncheon Club on December 8th, Mr. Amery said that by building up our Dominions beyond the seas and basing our defence policy on co-operation, all parts of the Empire would be made secure without shouldering too great burdens, and Australia and New Zealand would be enabled to take their rightful place in the great development of civilisation taking place in the region of the Pacific. This is obviously true, but it is to be hoped that we shall not have to wait for the necessary building up of the Dominions, which must take a considerable time to effect, before a real attempt is made to arrange an equitable basis of co-operation in naval defence which will relieve the Mother Country of at least part of the excessive proportion of the cost which it is at present bearing. This is a family matter in which plain speaking alone can lead to a fair arrangement. The Dominions are self-respecting States, and it is mainly due to the universal human trait of allowing willing horses to do more than their share of the work that Britain has been left to meet almost the entire cost of the naval defence of the Empire. The time has come when a little kicking would not be out of place. But, as suggested in these notes last month, the first thing to be done is to call a conference of naval advisers to decide as to the minimum naval strength and its distribution necessitated by the present international situation. With that knowledge as a basis the way would be clear for an attempt to secure by agreement a fair contribution towards the cost by each of the self-governing States, India, and the wealthier Crown Colonies, such as Ceylon.

Empire Naval Defence

THE various telegraphed summaries of views expressed by Mr. Ormsby-Gore during the tour of the East African Commission, of which he is chairman, suggest that a comprehensive programme of development of the East African territories will be recommended by that body in its report. Some of

East African Development

the statements made by the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies appear to have suffered in clarity from the inevitable compression involved in cabling, since it is impossible to believe that he is in favour of immediate construction of railways in Tanganyika Territory that would cost in the neighbourhood of £15,000,000 and would not pay the cost of operation for many years. The three important trunk lines mentioned—linking the Uganda and Tanganyika Central systems and connecting the latter with Lakes Victoria and Nyasa—undoubtedly represent the main framework required to open up Tanganyika Territory and to facilitate communication between all the countries of the East African group. If, as seems probable, Mr. Ormsby-Gore intends to recommend their construction as part of a long-period programme the proposals of the East African Commission in this respect will meet with much support. Some doubt is cast on this interpretation, however, by a subsequent cable stating that Mr. Ormsby-Gore favours a large development loan for East Africa, and although there are a number of urgent projects that will have to be financed in this way, it will be desirable to subject any proposal for a "large" loan to close scrutiny, since Africa is a continent that is apt to engender inflated ideas, and there is always a long bill to settle for excessive optimism as to the rate of growth of a new country. East African potentialities are undoubtedly immense, but this does not relieve those concerned of the responsibility for exercising ample caution in the financing of large-scale development projects. It is satisfactory to learn that the policy of making Kilindini, Dar es Salaam and Beira the main outlets of East Africa and concentrating on their development has commended itself to the East African Commission. With this policy the principle of "one lake one ocean port" might well be combined, thus leaving the trade of the Victoria Nyanza basin to flow to the sea over the Uganda Railway, that of Lake Tanganyika to travel to Dar es Salaam over the Tanganyika Central line, and that of Nyasa to be dealt with by the route to Beira, the gaps in the existing railway being filled by the bridging of the Zambezi and the subsequent extension of the railway from Blantyre to the south-west arm of the lake.

The Problem of Imperial Federation*

From an Australian Point of View

By F. A. W. Gisborne

It is a mere historical truism that mutual interest is the only durable tie that holds communities together. Sentiment and such feelings of friendship and attachment as spring from racial, religious and political affinities, the use of a common tongue and the inheritance of common traditions, are bonds which, though strong at first, inevitably weaken with the progress of time. In all the great British Dominions, especially Canada, immigrants of foreign origin exercise an increasingly disruptive influence. In South Africa, unfortunately, the passively hostile Boer section of the population, like the French Canadians in North America, tends to increase more rapidly than the loyal British element; and though Australia and New Zealand have hitherto, in the main, preserved their homogeneity, both countries necessarily, as time goes on, will attract multitudes of aliens, to whom the unity and prosperity of the Empire can make no strong appeal. Already, as shown by the last Census, of the mere 190,862 persons who inhabit the 1,150,000 square miles of territory included in tropical Australia, roughly speaking 10,000 consist of a curious medley of Chinese, Japanese, Greeks, Italians, Russians and Dutch. Ten per cent. of the sugar planters in Northern Queensland now are of non-British origin, and these foreigners, to support whom the people of temperate Australia are heavily taxed, are steadily increasing in number. Brisbane, the capital of the State just mentioned, has of late years become the chief stronghold of Bolshevists and Irish irreconcilables in the Commonwealth, and their influence on recent legislation can hardly meet with the approval of British investors in Queensland pastoral properties. Still less does

*This article was written before the General Election of 1924.

it deserve the approbation of British patriots. Outside the Dominions centrifugal forces of a yet more malignant kind are in active operation, India and Egypt being the chief scenes of anti-British agitation. The time has come for a vigorous movement aiming at the creation of a genuine Imperial spirit, and the strengthening of the now fragile bonds which unite the Empire.

Theoretically, Imperial unity would seem to be best attained by the establishment under a common head of an Imperial Council, including three committees, one of defence, one of trade and communications, and one invested with the control of foreign policy. This body would be composed of members representing in due proportions Great Britain and the Dominions and dependencies, and entrusted with the disposal of funds voted by the different legislatures. The Empire then would speak with one voice, and strike, if necessary, with one sword. The evils of divided counsels, conflicting tariffs and ill-combined efforts would be minimised, and wisdom would be wedded to power. But unquestionably the attainment of Imperial unity depends primarily on the successful solution of the fiscal problem. Political federation cannot be accomplished so long as economic civil war rages throughout the Empire, and its component States treat one another as strangers and enemies rather than as kinsmen and friends.

Had the wise advice of Earl Grey and other far-seeing statesmen prevailed from the beginning, and every constitution conceding autonomous powers to a British colony contained a clause forbidding the enactment by the new legislature of measures penalising in any way British trade, Great Britain in return binding herself to refrain from imposing duties on colonial products, the present difficult and dangerous complications would never have arisen. Free Trade would have reigned throughout the Empire, to the great advantage of all its parts. The friction and waste resulting from divergent tariffs framed to promote sectional rather than Imperial interests would have been prevented; and the late Mr. Hofmeyr's statesmanlike scheme of a uniform levy of two per cent. duties on foreign goods, the proceeds to be devoted to the support of an Imperial Navy, would have been perfectly

feasible. Commerce thus would have paid for its own security; and instead of Great Britain providing, as now, free protection against all possible enemies to the Dominions, while the latter in return gratefully "protect" themselves against British manufactures by subjecting them to crushing imposts, there would have been a league for mutual trade and defence based on sound and just principles. Each member of the partnership would have retained unfettered powers to tax foreign goods to any extent that it might think expedient, but there would have been no fratricidal economic strife. In short, a British Zollverein would have rendered the Empire strong, united and self-supporting, and able to hold its own in all the markets of the world. Indeed, it would have virtually exercised a commercial hegemony.

The adoption of highly protective policies by all the Dominions—and India now seems likely to follow their example—has unquestionably weakened the cohesion of the British Empire. Happily, this fact is at last becoming recognised, and the discussions at the late Imperial Economic Conference have had the good effect of bringing fiscal issues of the highest importance under the notice of the public. After all, the commercial federation of the Empire can only be brought about in one of two ways. Either the Dominions must renounce Protection and adopt inter-Imperial Free Trade, or Great Britain must abandon Free Trade and return to a protective policy. The first alternative, although unquestionably preferable, need not be considered, for it is now quite impracticable. The interests which have been fostered by, and become dependent on, Protection in Australia, Canada and New Zealand are far too powerful to permit the hope that the existing tariff walls will be thrown down. The Australian High Commissioner in London, Sir Joseph Cook (who, by the way, was himself a prominent Free Trade member of the Federal Parliament in the early years of the present century), recently informed a meeting of representative business men in Great Britain that it was hopeless to expect any change of fiscal policy on the part of the Commonwealth, and advised British manufacturers to get inside the Australian ramparts rather than try to climb over them. Several large firms have followed his

advice by establishing branch factories in Australia, and of course these enterprises have brought on Great Britain increased unemployment, as well as loss of trade and capital. The conditions prevailing in Europe at the present time, however, eminently favour the adoption of the second alternative. Depreciated currencies and the general chaos and poverty prevailing in the chief Continental countries have, on the one hand, checked the demand there for British goods, while, on the other, they have offered unique opportunities to foreign manufacturers for dumping their surplus goods in a free market. Her own interests require Great Britain to check the importation of commodities from countries which, while demanding good money for what they sell, offer only bad money for what they buy. In these circumstances her statesmen might well follow, with certain modifications, the example of Canning, and turn to the new world to redress the economic balance of the old.

It has often been contended by extreme apologists for Free Trade that, as Great Britain admits free of duty products from all the Dominions, the latter have no reason to complain. But if a man throws open the doors of his house to strangers as well as to members of his own family, it is scarcely reasonable to expect the latter to feel special gratitude for his hospitality. If Australia offered a free market to all nations, and British manufacturers had to face there the unchecked competition of America and Japan, they would undoubtedly be in a worse position than they are now. The policy of Preference adopted by the Commonwealth in 1906, and extended since, has admittedly proved highly advantageous to British industries. In his able and lucid statement at the Economic Conference, the Australian Prime Minister quoted figures showing that between the years 1906 and 1913 the value of British goods imported by Australia increased from £20,000,000 to £34,500,000, while in 1922 their value amounted to £60,000,000. Great Britain now supplies the Commonwealth with 63 per cent. of its total imports, and in the year 1920-21 enjoyed 64 per cent. of the total trade of Australia. The latter country now imports goods averaging in value almost £12 per head of population, while the corresponding amount in the case of the United

States is less than 15 shillings. Australia, too, for many years to come, will have increased quantities of food and raw material for export; and once her vast, fertile, but so far unhappily almost empty, tropical territories are effectively developed, with the indispensable aid of coloured labour, she will be able to supply Great Britain with everything that country needs in the way of food and raw material. No other province in the Empire, indeed, one might perhaps add, no other country in the world, could do this. Australian farms, pastures, plantations and mines will soon be able to satisfy the requirements of all the factories and households in Great Britain, and to offer attractive opportunities for improving their condition to all those who wish to seek new homes abroad. The expansion of the overseas trade of the Dominions during the last forty years has been marvellous. In 1880, as Mr. Bruce told the Conference, it was valued at £112,000,000. In 1921 it had increased to £1,026,000,000. Surely the time has come for Great Britain to turn her back on a decadent, unfriendly and distracted Europe and her face towards her own children.

The chief obstacles that stand in the way of a complete understanding seem to be four, two economic and two political. The economic impediments are, as before mentioned, the reluctance of Great Britain to impose even the lowest duties on imported food and raw material, and the indisposition of the Dominion manufacturers, supported by the local trade unions, to consent to any substantial reduction of the import duties on manufactured goods. No Australian or Canadian has a right to complain of the attitude still maintained by the Mother Country, yet it might be permissible to remind the defenders of the present free importation—not really Free Trade—system that even Cobden recognised the limitations of his cherished doctrine. Speaking in 1862 he said: "I doubt the wisdom, I sincerely doubt the prudence, of a great body of industrial people to allow themselves to live in dependence on foreign Powers for the supply of food and raw material." The experience of the late war has certainly justified those doubts. As is well known, the chief protagonist of the Free Trade movement in Great Britain confidently believed that all other nations would soon follow her

example if she threw open her ports, and declared that, should this expectation not have been fulfilled sixty years later, the whole policy of Free Trade should then be reconsidered. More than three-score years have passed since the memorable commercial treaty between England and France was signed, and, happily, Cobden's expressed wish that India and the Colonies should detach themselves from Great Britain has not been fulfilled. No disciple of Cobden in these days, then, has any right to regard his master's doctrine as sacrosanct. Without entering into a discussion of a highly complicated question which, of course, primarily concerns the people of Great Britain, it may just be suggested that the adoption of the graduated tariff recommended by Mr. Bruce, and the granting by the British Government of a reasonable preference on supplies of meat and wheat bought from the Dominions, the latter in return extending the preference now allowed to imported goods of British manufacture, might, and in all probability would, prove decidedly beneficial to the people of Great Britain. If the latter had at times to pay a little more for their food supplies than they would have had to pay under a system of free importation, they would, on the other hand, receive two distinct advantages. Employment at fair rates of wages would be increased in sympathy with an enhanced demand for British goods in the Dominions, and the prices of foodstuffs would be stabilised. And, of course, the imposition of moderate duties on foreign manufactures imported by Great Britain, by giving the British manufacturer almost complete command of the home market, would encourage increased and, therefore, cheapened production, and so give British industry advantages in foreign as well as Dominion markets which it does not now enjoy.

These and other important questions, however, might, as Mr. Bruce suggests, be investigated thoroughly by a Royal Commission. Such a body, fortified by expert knowledge, might be able to formulate a scheme which would reconcile the interests of British agriculturists and manufacturers with those of the corresponding classes in the Dominions. The task would be a difficult one, but would not seem to be quite impossible. Concessions would obviously have to be made on both sides. On the

one hand, the Dominions would have to recognise, on grounds of Imperial security as well as of justice, the preponderant claims of British agriculture, and ask for nothing that would tend to induce starvation in Great Britain were the ports of the latter blockaded in time of war. On the other, British manufacturers would have to admit the right of each Dominion to afford whatever degree of protection might be necessary to industries, such particularly as those connected with the manufacture of iron and steel, aircraft, munitions, etc., that were vital to its safety as well as prosperity. The *via media* which is the path of real statesmanship would require careful delineation.

In this connection regret may be expressed that certain projects put forward from time to time before the war for the establishment of national granaries in England, so that supplies of corn at least should not fail in the event of a blockade or a complete failure of the world's harvests, have apparently been abandoned. Yet surely painful experiences during the war, and the growing menace of the airship and submarine, urge the advisability of maintaining large reserve stocks of food to meet all possible emergencies. Owing to the superabundant harvests in Canada and elsewhere, the present would seem to be a singularly favourable time for British statesmen to revert to the prudent and far-seeing policy of Joseph. As has frequently been pointed out, the existence of immense reserve stocks of wheat under Government control, apart from the question of national security, would have the beneficial effect of checking the depredations of speculators and combines, and tend to keep prices at a reasonable and uniform level.

Before quitting the subject, it might be added that, in the event of a fundamental alteration on the part of Great Britain of the fiscal policy she has pursued since the middle of last century, the Dominions should assume their fair share of the burden of maintaining the sea and air armaments necessary for the common security. It were monstrous that the present arrangement in this regard should be allowed to continue, and that the Australian, Canadian and South African coasts should owe their protection almost entirely to the British taxpayer. The latter

has already done far more than his fair share in supporting almost single-handed the Navy necessary to save the Empire from dissolution. The proposal before referred to made by an eminent South African statesman at one of the earlier Conferences might well be revived and brought into operation, and a fixed proportion of the total amount of duties levied on foreign goods throughout the Empire set aside for the maintenance of the necessary sea and air armaments. This arrangement would combine the advantages of being feasible, economical and entirely just; and its adoption would obviate the necessity of undertaking the delicate and difficult task of fixing the exact amount of the annual contribution to be applied to Imperial defence purposes by each Dominion and dependency.

The proposal made subsequently by Mr. Deakin that a fixed percentage of the Customs duties collected throughout the Empire should be applied to the improvement of communications between its different parts might be incorporated with that of Mr. Hofmeyr. The distribution of only one per cent. of the collective Imperial Customs revenue in subsidies to steamship and airship companies would lead to a vast improvement in the facilities for intercourse now available.

Concerning the political difficulties which now confront those who ardently desire the accomplishment of the task of Imperial federation, only a few remarks of a general kind, and applying solely to the self-governing parts of the Empire, will be made. The subject is so vast and complex that volumes might be written about it. Although ultra-democratic institutions exist in all of the great Dominions, each of the latter, owing to climatic, racial and other causes, differs in some degree from its fellows in its views on foreign and domestic questions, and in its habits of political thought. But under the most favourable conditions democracies based on universal suffrage are wayward, unstable and intensely jealous of outside interference. The popular politician is the natural enemy of the Empire builder. Indeed, the generalisation may be hazarded that empires, as a rule, are founded by monarchies, preserved by aristocracies, and destroyed by democracies. Many years ago General Gordon declared that the British Empire had been created by adventurers

and would be destroyed by politicians. In Ireland and Egypt that melancholy prophecy has already been partially fulfilled. Small men at home perpetually strive to undo the work of great pioneers and administrators abroad. The Empire owes far more to its George Lloyds than to its Lloyd Georges. What it needs for its preservation is some central authority invested with a real, not shadowy, responsibility, so as to ensure continuity of policy and harmonious action. Imperial interests must suffer if they continue to be, as now, the sport of opportunist politicians, and if in each of the great autonomous provinces of the Empire, as well as in the Mother Country herself, the officers and crew of the ship of State may be changed at brief intervals, and the course of the vessel reversed. Something must be done to ensure that the popular will may prevail over the popular whim, and that legislation shall not be the mere echo of the cries of the streets. A council of Imperial Elder Statesmen, if such a body could be devised, would supply the needed element of stability and cohesion. No Empire can continue to exist if each of its parts has the power at any time to legislate in a manner detrimental to the interests of all or any of its fellows, or conflicting with the policies pursued by them. The "White Australia" doctrine asserted by the Commonwealth is in itself pregnant with grave danger to British rule in India and elsewhere, as well as to the Dominion in which it originated. It is a standing challenge to all the world's coloured inhabitants. Ancient empires perished through over-centralisation and despotism; the existence of that founded by Great Britain is threatened by excess of liberty and lack of the necessary supreme controlling authority. The machine lacks a flywheel. The Crown and the House of Lords have both unhappily ceased to be, in the full sense, Imperial institutions, and no longer exercise sovereign powers. It is idle to apply the noble and majestic term "Empire" to a group of communities of common origin and nominally united, if the one essential condition to real political union, the concentration in some particular hands of authority to decide questions affecting the common interest and safety, remains unfulfilled. A real Empire does not resemble a fleet in which the captain of each vessel is at liberty to sail in what-

ever direction, and at whatever rate of speed he may please, recognising no orders save, perhaps, from his own crew. There must be both Flagship and Admiral. The British Armada at present lacks both.

To aggravate the difficulties of the situation, too, the Labour and Socialist Parties in all the Dominions, particularly Australia, are intensely hostile to every scheme designed to promote closer Imperial union. Again and again the political representatives of the Australian trade unions have adopted resolutions protesting against Imperial federation. By an absurd misconception they regard the term "Empire" as signifying some form of military domination, and they invariably prefer the ugly and incorrect expression, "British Commonwealth of Nations," which possesses a savour of republicanism pleasing to coarse palates. Meetings between British and Dominion statesmen are regarded by Labour politicians in Australia with the greatest aversion. Every effort was made by the Opposition in the Federal Parliament to prevent Mr. Bruce's attendance at the last Conference, and the Prime Minister found it necessary before his departure to give an explicit assurance that he would not pledge Australia to any action, or participation in any policy, proposed at the Conference without the consent of the Federal Parliament. Strong and effective leadership is the great want in the Commonwealth. Australia is a land of political as well as physical incongruities. It has governors who cannot govern, and leaders who dare not lead. Whenever a great crisis arises, the nominal rulers of the country, instead of courageously deciding what is best to be done and acting accordingly, take refuge in the referendum, and fall on their knees before the mob, soliciting orders. The wretched conscription fiasco was a good example of this habit of shirking unpleasant duties. Responsible government in Australia to-day is, indeed, government without responsibility. Real statesmen and rulers listen attentively to advice, and carefully consider all representations, but they do not sue for popular mandates. These are merely the instruments of demagogues.

Political and industrial conditions in the Commonwealth at the present time unhappily favour in a marked degree the disturbing influences of social pests of the kind

just mentioned. Both Chambers of the Federal Parliament are based on a uniform and degraded franchise. And while the majority of the electors, consisting of the wage-earners, as a whole may be described, in normal times, as passive loyalists, the unions to which they belong are in a large degree controlled by men who are actively disloyal. The average Australian working man is, indeed, far too intelligent to believe all the inflammatory nonsense discharged at him by the preachers of class war and universal spoliation; but nevertheless, as a rule, he considers it a point of honour to vote for the candidates selected by the Political Labour Council, which, nominally at least, represents the trade unions in each State. These bodies are entirely dominated by men endowed with all the arrogance of ignorance, and their main objects are to plunder their worthier fellow-citizens and to maintain their own ascendancy by keeping the control of Australian legislation as much as possible in their own hands. The unwholesome and dangerous concentration of almost half the entire population of the Commonwealth in four overgrown capital cities greatly facilitates the acquisition of supreme political power by the leaders of the industrial organisations. Voters, like sheep, are much more easily driven in flocks than singly. A year or two ago the officials of one union alone, the Australian Workers' Union, boasted that the political lives of twenty-seven members of the Federal Parliament depended wholly on their favour. Each member of the Parliamentary Labour Party is bound by the pledge he is required to take before being accepted as a candidate for election—namely, to support any measure approved by a bare majority of his fellow-members belonging to both Chambers sitting in caucus, no matter how repugnant it may be to his judgment and conscience. Being aware, also, that his retention of the handsome stipend of £1,000 a year enjoyed by each Federal legislator depends entirely on the continued good-will of the coterie of officials controlling the unions, self-interest urges him submissively to accept their dictation. He thus sits in Parliament, not as the true representative of the people, or even of a large section of them, but merely as the mouthpiece and instrument of a small and largely disloyal class. In his legislative capacity he is but a serf. Independent minds

connote independent means, and the average Labour politician, lacking the most meagre private fortune, votes as he is told in order to retain his income. Political trade unionism is the most formidable enemy of Imperialism in Australia to-day and, until the tyranny be destroyed which it has exercised in all the Australian legislatures, save perhaps that of Victoria alone, since the beginning of the present century, the complete federation of the British Empire will be impossible. Men who are least capable of using power wisely are invariably the most reluctant to part with it.

Signs of a coming improvement in political conditions in the Commonwealth are, however, visible. The vast, fertile, but still empty lands of Australia must, as time goes on, attract increasing numbers of British immigrants; and each additional settler will help to weaken the present anti-Imperial confederacy of selfish manufacturers and disloyal and rapacious trade union leaders. Like the members of the Agrarian Party in Canada, Australian rural producers are now in rebellion against a preposterous tariff which impoverishes the many in order to enrich the few, falls with crushing severity on the vital primary industries of Australia, and imposes a yearly tax amounting almost to £6 a head on the entire population. The first step towards Imperial unity in the Commonwealth must be a reduction of the exorbitant duties now charged on imported commodities, accompanied by an extension of the preference bestowed on British manufactures. When the collective rural representation in the Federal Parliament becomes dominant over the urban, a marked improvement in the legislative capacity and Imperial spirit of that body may be expected. Already the Country Party is exercising a most wholesome influence on legislation. Free representatives of the people will ultimately displace the servile delegates of classes and interests who now, directly or indirectly, obstruct every effort to unify and consolidate the Empire. Simultaneously, it may be hoped, an enlightened public opinion in Great Britain will insist on the final abandonment of the policy miscalled Free Trade, which militates against the economic maxim that freedom to buy connotes an equal freedom to sell.